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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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DRAWN BY R. M. REAY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)
NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 25, 1899

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Trusts and Socialism

IN the introduction to his *Democracy in America*, DE TOCQUEVILLE asked: "Is it credible that the democracy which has annihilated the feudal system, and vanquished kings, will respect the citizen and the capitalist? Will it stop now that it has grown so strong and its adversaries so weak?" We are inclined to think that the answer to the question depends upon the citizen and the capitalist themselves. They may escape an experience with tyrannous socialism if they will, but they can do so only by bending the law of natural selection by whose action men of the best trading attainments gain the largest wealth and reach the highest power. The evolution of the best men—the best economically and commercially—must not be permitted to go to the point where capital becomes the tyrant, for such a tyranny will surely be followed by the tyranny of the community, or by socialism.

It is time to consider the question of trusts carefully. During the winter which has just passed, the newspapers have contained, almost daily, numerous accounts of the formation of trusts. Never before in the history of the country have so many powerful combinations of corporations and capital been brought into existence. It is safe to say that the manufacture and sale of nearly every article of common need and convenience are controlled by a trust, as transportation is largely, and as labor is almost entirely. Millions of dollars are congregated together and organized for the purpose of monopolizing trade. This enormous power may be, and generally is, productive of great good. It is a wonderful labor-saving machine, and therefore a reducer of the cost of production, and the consumer reaps the benefit in lower prices, in increased comfort, and in a large saving of time in travelling. It not only puts money in the pocket of the shareholders, by making capital safer and its earnings surer, but it vastly increases wages and their purchasing power. The mere momentum of capital, as it flows forth from these mighty reservoirs which we call trusts, brings material blessings to the whole community. But there are evils as well, not to speak of the sense of injustice which is inseparable from the general consciousness that, great as are the benefits to the consumer from combinations, he nevertheless does not get what he believes to be his due.

Modern industrial life is greatly changed by the trusts. We have not only new business methods, but new social and political conditions, on account of the growth of this new power. Capital not only controls the business of manufacturing and distribution, but it has entered politics, and it often stands for the government. Here in New York, for example, the citizen has little to hope for when a great corporation or a trust joins with the politicians of Tammany Hall to transform an avenue, daily crossed by thousands of school-children, into a four-tracked railway, menacing to life and injurious to property. We have had a startling charge made within a few days to the effect that the Standard Oil Company offered a bribe of hundreds of thousands of dollars to an Attorney-General of Ohio, in order, it is presumed, that it might enjoy the opportunity of defying the law. We do not know whether this charge be true or false, but we do know that the country has got into the habit of believing that corporate wealth buys what it wants from the politicians. We know, for instance, that commercial and transportation corporations are stronger than unorganized society; we even know that one railroad corporation is stronger at Albany than this great municipality; that the rights of the individual are often ignored or outraged, either by corporations and trusts themselves, or by government acting under the influence, sometimes by the bribes, of corrupt corporations. The officers of corporations have confessed more than once that they bribe the bosses of both political parties, sometimes in order to secure immunity from breaches of the law, sometimes to procure the right to violate the law systematically, sometimes to secure protection against striking law-makers or blackmailing policemen. It is a demonstrated fact that corporations and trusts are the natural prey of the thieving and blackmailing politician, and that, on the other hand, these corporate creatures of the law are prone to use the power of wealth to secure undue advantages. Besides, the trusts often exercise a most tyrannical power over the individual, especially in driving him out of business.

In a word, the tendency of these great accumulations of capital is toward the danger which DE TOCQUEVILLE pointed out. The annihilation of the feudal system and the vanquishment of kings were due to the revolt of the individual, and all the blessings of democracy are due to the dominance of the free citizen in the state, in society, and in trade and business. The organization of capital was wise and inevitable. It was a necessity of modern development, and has often been called the leading characteristic of the nineteenth century. In many respects it has been the most beneficent of our material characteristics, for it has certainly given to all, to the humblest and poorest as well as to the powerful and rich, the industrial advantages of the age far in advance of the time when the world would naturally have enjoyed them if it had been obliged to wait on the efforts of single individuals. Combination has worked marvels, but it is in danger of going beyond bounds and inviting revolt. It seems as if all modern life, except the law, had changed itself to harmonize with the new power; but if the law does not assume the responsibilities which are thrust upon it by new conditions, there is nothing so likely to promote the ultimate triumph of socialism as the huge trusts, which are commanding every avenue of trade—including the labor trust, which denies to the individual the right to earn his living except as a member of a union and in obedience to its laws. It is evident that we cannot depend upon the trusts themselves to be continent. They follow the law of their nature ruthlessly, and unless they are checked by law before the community turns and demands its own, we shall have a hard experience; for it will not, probably, be the individual who will insist effectively on his rights against the oppression of trusts. The community is likely to demand that all shall share alike in the benefits of capital, before the individual can learn that the tyranny of the community will be more oppressive even than the tyranny of the trusts themselves.

What we need more than laws which restrict and prevent the formation of trusts are laws and courts that will hold them to a high standard of honor, that will prevent misuse of their power, and that will especially prevent their oppression of individual competitors. There is no valid argument against trusts if they stick to their proper work, do that work honestly, treat the individual justly, and keep corrupting hands off of politics. It seems to us time to say these things while so many trusts are forming. The individual who overthrew kings and the feudal system will not remain forever under the yoke of any power. It then behooves the state to change its laws to meet the new social and economic conditions, to the end that organized capital shall be restrained by the government instead of constraining its legal organizer. The most serious threat at present of socialism lies in the possible and sometimes actual tyranny of trusts. As DE TOCQUEVILLE said also: "The Christian nations of our age seem to me to present a most alarming spectacle. The impulse which is bearing them along is so strong that it cannot be stopped; but it is not yet so rapid that it cannot be guided. Their fate is in their hands. Yet a little while and it may be so no longer."

ADMIRAL SCHLEY and his friends having deprived Admiral SAMPSON and the captains of their rewards, the real gentlemen of the navy are coming to the front, and showing the fine metal which goes to the making of a thoroughly sound American. In some way Admiral HIGGINSON's promotion for honors was confirmed, while the nominations of his fellow-officers were not acted upon simply because of the shameful conduct of some Senators representing SCHLEY's interests, and of other Senators too intent on canal, or river and harbor, or public-building booty to spend any time in doing honors to mere heroes. The failure to reward the fighting-men of the army and navy shows precisely how much regard our politicians have for men who devote themselves with singleness of purpose to the welfare of their country. The Senate having done its worst, having kicked out of its doors the President's attempt to reward the heroes, Admiral HIGGINSON, Admiral SAMPSON, and Lieutenant WARD give to these politicians a lesson in high-minded patriotism and in noble gentlemanhood which will meet with a warm response from their fellow-countrymen, but which may not teach anything to those who most need the lesson. Admiral HIGGINSON asks to be restored to his old number on the navy list; that is, he asks to have his reward for honors withdrawn—"because," he says, "I do not regard my own services as so conspicuous as to warrant my advancement while some other commanding officers nominated at the same time as myself go unrewarded." He adds, still speaking of his neglected comrades, "If their services are to be unrecognized, I desire to have the same fate." Lieutenant WARD also declines advancement, because such advancement would work injustice to other officers. Admiral SAMPSON writes, speaking of the injustice done by the Senate, as follows:

> It now appears that the Senate, though well disposed to most of the names on that list, has, for reasons not necessary to be here discussed, objected to my promotion, and has similarly failed to confirm the deserving officers about whose merits there has been no doubt or discussion. Hitherto, Mr. President, undisturbed by any eager desire for advancement, or any other form of reward for doing my duty, I have not specially concerned myself with matters outside of that duty. I have felt that I have done my duty in the conduct of the West Indian naval campaign to the utmost extent of my ability, as thoroughly as I was able, and if no reward should come I could be satisfied with the consciousness of having done my best.
>
> I did not, however, anticipate that dissatisfaction with any act or acts of mine would cause the Senate to withhold from other officers a promotion which they have well deserved, and which has been promptly granted in similar circumstances to others. Therefore, I respectfully suggest, Mr. President, that your appointment of these officers, about whom there is no discussion, should at once be renewed, in order that they may thus secure their promotions under the personnel bill to which they are entitled, and without creating confusion.

These are incidents of a sort that make men proud of American citizenship.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT is experiencing the futility of executive power when the politicians who own the Legislature are against him. The question is whether he can secure the passage of a good civil service law, a good police bill, and the adoption of the resolution providing for a constitutional amendment making the legislative sessions biennial instead of annual. The bosses seem to be able to beat him, although we are glad to note, especially in the Amsterdam Avenue case, that popular wrath is beginning to frighten CROKER, and perhaps PLATT. The WEEKLY supported Governor ROOSEVELT during his campaign because it thought him the most likely man of the two principal candidates to smash his machine. He seems in a fair way of meeting our expectations. It is true, no doubt, that the "organization" regards his term as an interregnum, but if the Governor follows out his nature it need not be that at all. The more obstreperous he is in behalf of the right, the more likely is he to win popular favor and arouse popular indignation, and in that way to hasten the time when ROOSEVELTS in public office will be usual and when PLATTS and CROKERS will be memories. We trust that the Governor will neither compromise nor be silent. The times call for pugnacity and noise on the part of the virtuous.

NOW that Italy is demanding her coaling-station in China, and Great Britain is backing her, it is clear that the civilized world is making one more step towards the partition of corrupt and imbecile old China. Somehow or other, however, our politicians at Washington are not so eager as they might be to join in the division of the plunder. A copartnership in Asia would necessarily mean an army from two to three times as large as Congress refused to give the President for his present needs. It may be possible that the administration has come at last to the wise conclusion that an imperial enterprise cannot be safely undertaken until Congress provides the means. Perhaps, too, the President has discovered that we have already a task on hand that is not likely to aid him next year. Whatever be the reason of our self-restraint, we have declined to become a partner in the China job.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE stock of the Brick Church on Fifth Avenue is not listed, and we cannot tell with certainty what its fluctuations may have been during the past three months. It must have wobbled a good deal under the influence of the overtures which have been made to Dr. Henry Van Dyke to labor in other fields. When he finally declined the invitation of Johns Hopkins to be its Professor of Literature, he allowed his disposition towards literary employments to be so evident that his flock must have felt that their hold on him was not very secure. It cannot cause them much surprise that he has now apparently agreed to fill a new professorship of literature which has been created and endowed for his benefit at Princeton. It is understood that the duties of this new professorship will not be so engrossing as necessarily to detach Dr. Van Dyke from his pastorate, and at this writing he has not said he would give up his church, but intends, apparently, to continue his connection with it for the present. But as running a successful New York church is mighty hard work, and as Dr. Van Dyke wants to devote his energies to writing and lecturing, it is generally inferred that New York and the Brick Church will lose him presently, and that a new light will shine in the Princeton constellation.

There are critics who have censured his apparent intention of leaving his pulpit, but they are all persons who have never experienced the strain of pastoral labor in New York, and whose activity in their own callings is probably not embarrassed by a strong and increasing desire for another sort of work. Dr. Van Dyke ought to be a competent judge both of his duty and of the field in which his abilities can be most effective. The Brick Church is a large field, but he has served the Brick Church well for sixteen years, and if his present desire is to reach the vastly greater congregation of persons who read books, it seems somewhat presumptuous to suggest that it is any other than a lawful and worthy desire, and in keeping with the loftiest grade of pious aspirations.

He is too good a preacher to give up preaching, and there is no reason to believe he will give it up, but with pastoral work and the labor of church administration it is probable that he has nearly finished.

THE current excitement in Boston, succeeding the Sargent picture show, is the war upon the English sparrow. A petition was sent to Mayor Quincy setting forth, as matter of general knowledge, attested by eminent ornithological authorities, that the sparrows defile buildings, harbor insects in their nests, have harsh voices, and drive off all other birds, and begging that measures be taken to abate them. The petition was endorsed by John Burroughs, and half a dozen eminent scientists in Washington, Ithaca, Boston, Amherst, and other places. The Mayor, being thus besought, and having no views or sentiments of his own about sparrows, hearkened to the voice of wisdom and respectability, and gave out that he would do what he could to expel the sparrows from town, and would begin by a raid on their tenements in the Common and public garden.

Forthwith public opinion in favor of the sparrows crystallized with a click, and protests began to bloom in the *Transcript*. Judging from the tone and volume of the communications to that paper, Boston feels just as strongly about the destruction of the sparrows as about the conquest of the Philippines or the nebular hypothesis. Dozens of letter-writers have protested that the sparrows have been maligned and slandered; that they are useful, gentle-mannered, cheerful little birds, whose habits are clean and their twitter melodious; that to destroy them would be contrary to law, gospel, kindergarten teachings, and enlightened self-interest, besides being impossible. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals promptly started a petition against the massacre, and asked to have it postponed until the opposition could show its strength; but the Mayor said that ample notice had been given, and that a little preliminary destruction of nests might as well be going on. So on March 13 five hired men, with ladders, began cleaning the nests from the Common. If the war is not stopped, an effort will be made to trap and kill off a few millions of the Boston sparrows, so that there may be room in the town for a few native birds.

THE ruling local agitation in New York of late has been the fight over Amsterdam Avenue. As the roar of this conflict has extended far beyond the borders of the town, and even of the State, it is worth while noting that the matter in dispute is whether this avenue shall have electric cars running on four tracks from Seventy-second Street north. The avenue had four tracks for horse-cars, and bore it pretty well. Two of them belonged to the Metropolitan Railroad Company, two to the Third Avenue Railroad. Then the Metropolitan put in electricity. Now the Third Avenue is also putting in electricity. But Amsterdam Avenue is not a very wide street, and is bordered by schools, churches, charitable institutions, and retail stores. There is a constant passing of folks afoot across the street, and the people of the West Side say that to run electric cars on four tracks on such a street is a preposterous outrage, and that the two railroads must find some basis of agreement by which they can use the same tracks and have only two of them. It is, of course, an unheard-of thing for a street railroad to abandon its tracks in a public thoroughfare. The Third Avenue road has shown profound respect for its own vested rights, and profound indifference to the prejudices of the public, and has gone ahead changing from horse power to electric power with all the haste it could. The West-Siders have fought it with mass-meetings, newspapers, injunctions, monster delegations thousands strong to Albany, and bills in the State Legislature. Public sympathy has been overwhelmingly on the side of the remonstrants, for though it is possible that the danger of four electric roads on the avenue has been somewhat exaggerated, and though it is possible that a good many of the children who have to cross the street daily might live to grow up, there is no reasonable doubt that the public would be better served by having all the cars run on two tracks. Inasmuch as railroads exist in the streets solely for the public convenience, it is right in this case that the two rival companies should be compelled to use the same tracks.

There is fair promise at this writing that they will be so compelled, though the two great surface-railroad corporations of New York have so many wires underground nowadays, and can pull them so adroitly, that prophecy about the outcome of any matter in which their concerns conflict with the public interest is not a simple matter. Then, too, between Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Croker, and Mr. Platt and Mr. Lauterbach, and Mr. Whitney and the rest, authority is so divided in a matter like this, where two strong corporations are interested, that it has been very difficult to find out what the orders to the State Legislature really were. A bill providing for two tracks passed the Assembly at Albany, and was amended into impotence in the Senate. The aim of the bosses seemed to be to have four tracks and no one to blame for it. But that doesn't suit the West-Siders a bit, and they are making so hard a fight and have so good a case that the feeling is that they will win.

IN a recent allusion in the WEEKLY to a lecture by Miss Lilian Bell, of Chicago, she was spoken of as the author of two works of humorous fiction. Miss Bell, as many readers of the WEEKLY probably know already, has written *five* books, all of note in their field, and all published by the Harpers.

In the same paragraph Miss Bell was described (on the strength of contemporary newspaper testimony) as a "constant correspondent of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*" An inaccuracy appears in that also, since it is nearly a year since a contribution of hers appeared in Mr. Bok's periodical.

Her contention that the growth of literature in this country is hampered by undue regard for the interests of the American girl, and by undue toleration of the prejudices of Mr. Anthony Comstock, is strongly supported in a letter which comes to the WEEKLY from Mr. C. L. James, the only surviving son of the late G. P. R. James. Writing from Wisconsin, Mr. James reminds us that a work of Tolstoi was excluded from the mails by John Wanamaker, that Osgood & Co. were forced by threats of prosecution to cease publishing Walt Whitman's poems, and that a responsible official censorship has been seriously proposed in America as an alternative to the somewhat irresponsible suppressions of Mr. Comstock.

In reply it might be stated that there is now a remarkably full and satisfactory edition of Walt Whitman on the market, which seems to be generally tolerated; and as for Tolstoi's book, though everything that Tolstoi writes is important because he wrote it, it seems fairly doubtful whether the total loss of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, if that was the book in question, would have been a damage to literature, truth, Tolstoi, or the American people. However, the book has not been lost or suppressed, and is easily procured by readers who want it.

GREAT regret is felt and expressed, particularly among the firemen of this State, at the death of Hamilton S. White, of Syracuse, who was overcome by smoke and poisonous gases at a fire in Syracuse on the evening of March 13. Mr. White was a man with a hobby, which he pursued with such devotion that it brought him wide reputation. He was a member of a well-known, well-to-do family in Syracuse, and was a cousin of Dr. Andrew D. White. He inherited a fortune, business responsibilities, and an aptitude for affairs, and when he died was president of a gas company, director or trustee of several banks, and a moving spirit in several other business enterprises. But for thirty years he has been best known as an amateur fireman. While he was still a young fellow he developed a strong interest in putting out fires; and finding excellent sport in that industry, he indulged his taste for it to the extent of building and equipping an engine-house and paying the salaries of the men whom he put in charge of it. For twelve years—from 1871 to 1883—he maintained this interesting toy, which he finally gave to the city of Syracuse. He was then appointed honorary assistant chief of the Syracuse fire department, with authority to take an active part in all conflagrations. Later he became president of the Fire Board, which office he held at the time of his death.

He made a thorough practical study of the methods of the fire department of New York, and in his travels, which were extensive, he sought out the head firemen wherever he went, and learned any points that they had to impart. He was so incurably daring in his own proceedings at fires that his friends have long feared that he would get his death in pursuit of his hobby; and, indeed, his health is said to have been permanently injured by the effects of running off in evening dress from a ball to a fire on a cold night two years ago.

He had a funeral that Syracuse will not soon forget, and he will be long remembered and sincerely mourned. We may learn from his career that, after all, war is not essential to the development of daring, and that a man who looks about him carefully enough can find in time of peace the means to stir his blood to good and useful purpose.

WORD comes from Philadelphia that in that city, up to March 10, there had been 3232 cases of typhoid fever since the beginning of the year, which had yielded 341 deaths. Last year there were 6097 cases and 639 deaths. A fortnight ago there were 600 cases in the Philadelphia hospitals, and 227 new cases were reported in three days. The prevalence of the disease is attributed to the notorious unwholesomeness of the Philadelphia water, which cannot be improved, because the city government is in such bad hands that proper steps to procure good water cannot be taken. More than a year ago a loan of $3,200,000 was authorized for the improvement of the water-supply of Philadelphia, but the expenditure of the money is in litigation, and nothing has yet been done. A typhoid epidemic is rather a costly remedy for municipal rottenness, but no doubt it will prove effectual if carried far enough. Enough funerals in the streets and enough typhoid cases in hospitals and homes are sure to have an effect in time, even upon such local politicians as are intrusted with the management of Philadelphia's concerns.

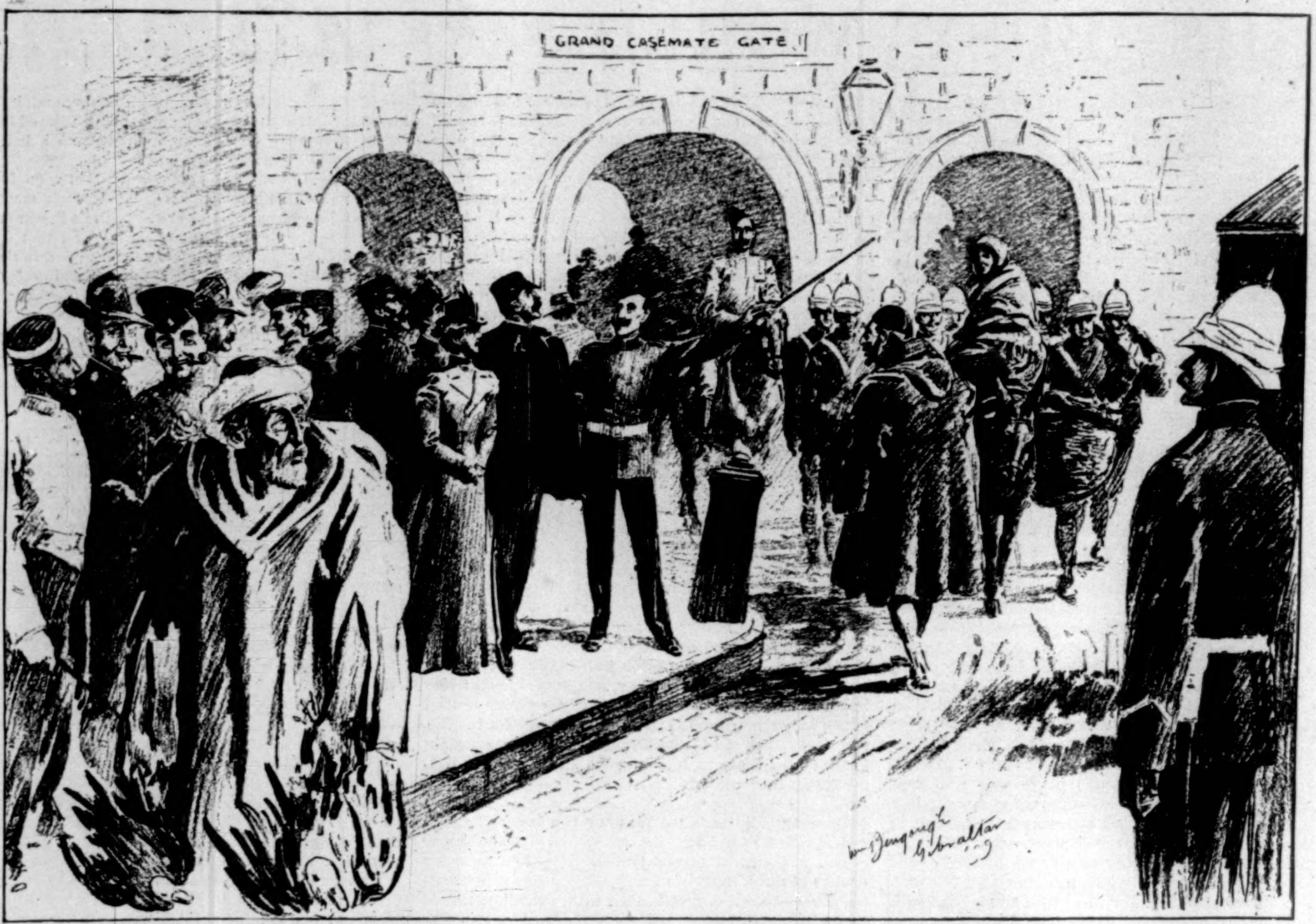
ON March 11 one hundred volunteers, drawn from four companies of the Twenty-fourth Infantry (colored), started out from Fort Russell, Wyoming, to dig out a train on the Cheyenne and Northern Railroad, which at that date had already been snow-bound for two weeks. These volunteers are from one of the regiments that made so fine a record last July on San Juan hill. From [illegible] Spaniards in Cuba in July to fighting snow in Wyoming in March is a considerable change, and the story of the attack of these veterans on the snow-drifts at Iron Mountain, fifty miles from Cheyenne, ought to be worth reading. Moreover, to be snowed up in a railroad train for three weeks and dependent for food on stray cattle is a severe experience, and the forty-two passengers on the Cheyenne and Northern who at this writing have just reached Cheyenne will have stories to tell too when their powers of narration are restored. They finally abandoned their train, and walked ten miles to meet the rescue-party.

Theirs is the most serious case of railroad hardship that has been reported, but there have been direful happenings at sea within six weeks, the worst of which no survivor will recount. Besides all the vessels wrecked or abandoned which have been heard from, there are ten freight steamers, plying between American and European ports, carrying between three hundred and four hundred men, and merchandise worth $2,500,000, of whose fate nothing is known. They were out in the great February storm, and probably foundered at sea. Eight of them were British, one American, and one German.

MR. BARROWS declining to have his name submitted again to the Senate as the President's choice for Librarian of Congress, the office was filled on March 13 by the appointment of Mr. Herbert Putnam, of the Boston Public Library. By general consent Mr. Putnam is the fittest person for the place in the country. He is thirty-eight years old, the son of George P. Putnam, of New York, who founded the publishing-house that bears his name. Mr. Herbert Putnam, after graduating at Harvard (1883) and spending a year in the Columbia Law School, went to Minneapolis to practise law, but very soon became the librarian of the Minneapolis Athenæum, a stock corporation library, with a fund of $10,000 a year to spend on books. His hand being so directed to the plough-handle, Mr. Putnam interested himself earnestly in the organization of the Minneapolis (free) Public Library, and when its prospects became definitely assured he passed into its service. By the aid of subscriptions and bonds authorized by the city it bought land and put up a four-hundred-thousand-dollar building. The Athenæum Library was merged into it, and it had an annual income of $50,000 to $75,000. For this library Mr. Putnam, in the seven years of his charge of it, gathered upwards of 50,000 books, going abroad for that purpose while the building was going up. He made it one of the best and most useful libraries in the country.

In December, 1891, he resigned his place and came to Boston, where he practised law, until, in February, 1895, he was chosen librarian of the Boston Public Library.

IT is pleasant to be able to announce, on the strength of assurances and a picture received from Dr. Frank Van Allen, medical missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., that the new American mission hospital at Madura, South India, is in good running order, and that its hospitalities are very much at the service of Americans or Europeans who may happen to fall ill while on their travels. Madura is on the South Indian Railway. Travellers on that line who feel the cholera coming on should ask to be put off at Madura.



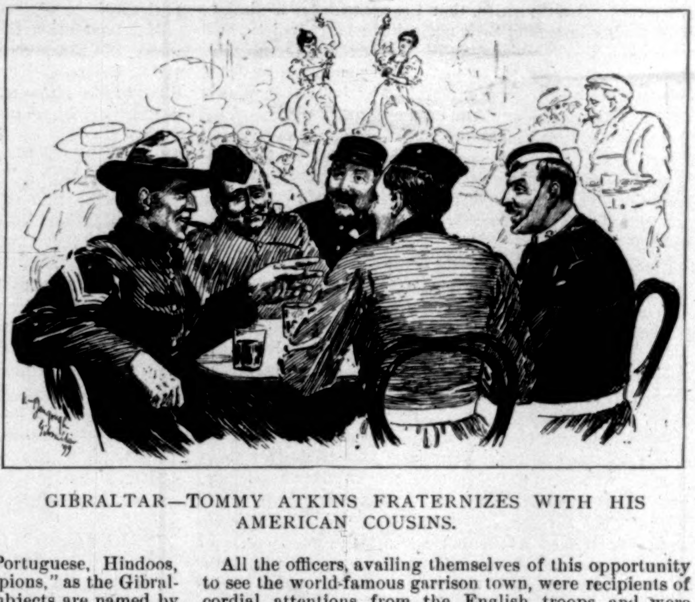
UNITED STATES TROOPS AT GIBRALTAR—OFFICERS OF THE 3D U. S. INFANTRY AND THEIR FAMILIES FROM THE TRANSPORT "SHERMAN," ON THEIR WAY TO THE PHILIPPINES, INSPECTING THE DEFENCES.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY W. BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

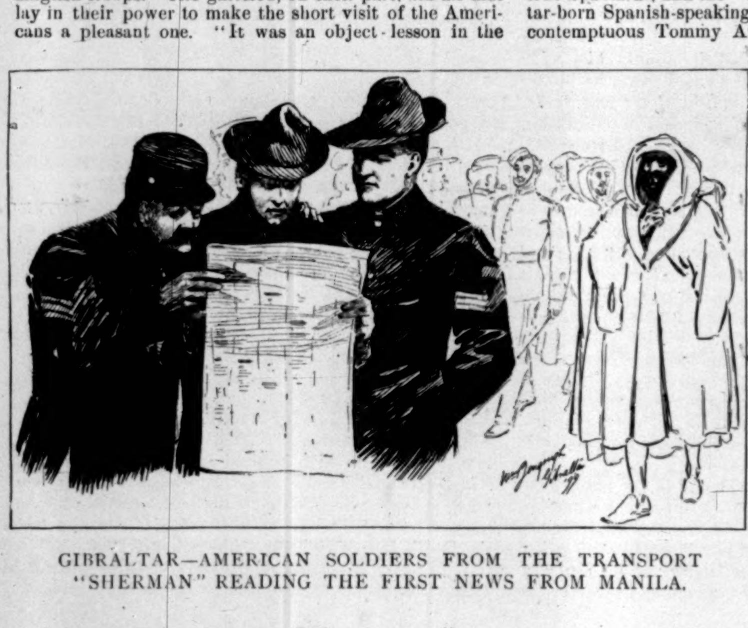
At Cadiz and Gibraltar

THE drawings which Mr. Bengough has sent to the WEEKLY from Spain, and which are reproduced in this issue, acquire additional interest from the circumstance that they are shown together; for the return to Cadiz of the last Spanish troops from Cuba brings to mind the withdrawal from Gibraltar—perhaps the most impressive single fact which stands at the beginning of the story of Spanish decadence. After the capture of the Rock by the English and Dutch fleets under Sir George Rooke in 1704, the inhabitants of the town of Gibraltar, rather than recognize the new masters, abandoned their homes, and many took refuge in the neighboring city of Cadiz. Now, on the same stage, a situation is shown which contains new elements of quite incalculable importance—the home-coming of defeated Spaniards at Cadiz; the tarrying of victorious troops at Gibraltar, on their way to new, outlandish experiences in the Far East; and the promise of friendship between the soldiers of America and England.

The correspondent of the WEEKLY writes from Gibraltar that when the United States troop-ships which were sent to the Philippines by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal stopped at Gibraltar for supplies, some of the soldiers and all of the officers were permitted to land; and naturally, after the stormy passage from New York, all who were free to do so made the most of this opportunity to enjoy themselves ashore, in company with the English troops. The garrison, on their part, did all that lay in their power to make the short visit of the Americans a pleasant one. "It was an object-lesson in the popularity of the Anglo-American alliance," he says, "to see the speed with which the soldiers got together and exchanged stories of their recent campaigns, and talked about the hoped-for alliance," which, he asserts, is regarded by intelligent Englishmen resident in the Peninsula as practically existing. A favorite resort for those who took part in these fraternal gatherings was the café, shown in one of our illustrations, whose patrons are drawn from all classes of the mixed population of Gibraltar, though the entertainment is furnished, as might be expected, by Spaniards exclusively, and consists in the main of Andalusian songs and dances. No Spaniard, it is true, may be permitted to live in Gibraltar, but the rule which excludes Spanish subjects does not keep out natives who change their nationality in order to do business there. As a matter of fact, the language most in use by the inhabitants is still Spanish, though the mixed population includes Moors, Maltese, Portuguese, Hindoos, true Spaniards, and the "Rock Scorpions," as the Gibraltar-born Spanish-speaking British subjects are named by contemptuous Tommy Atkins. The appreciation that Tommy Atkins manifests when visitors arrive from any white man's land, by-the-way, is due, in part at least, to his hatred of the Rock and everything connected with it—a hatred born of the heat, hard drill, and rock-climbing.



GIBRALTAR—TOMMY ATKINS FRATERNIZES WITH HIS AMERICAN COUSINS.



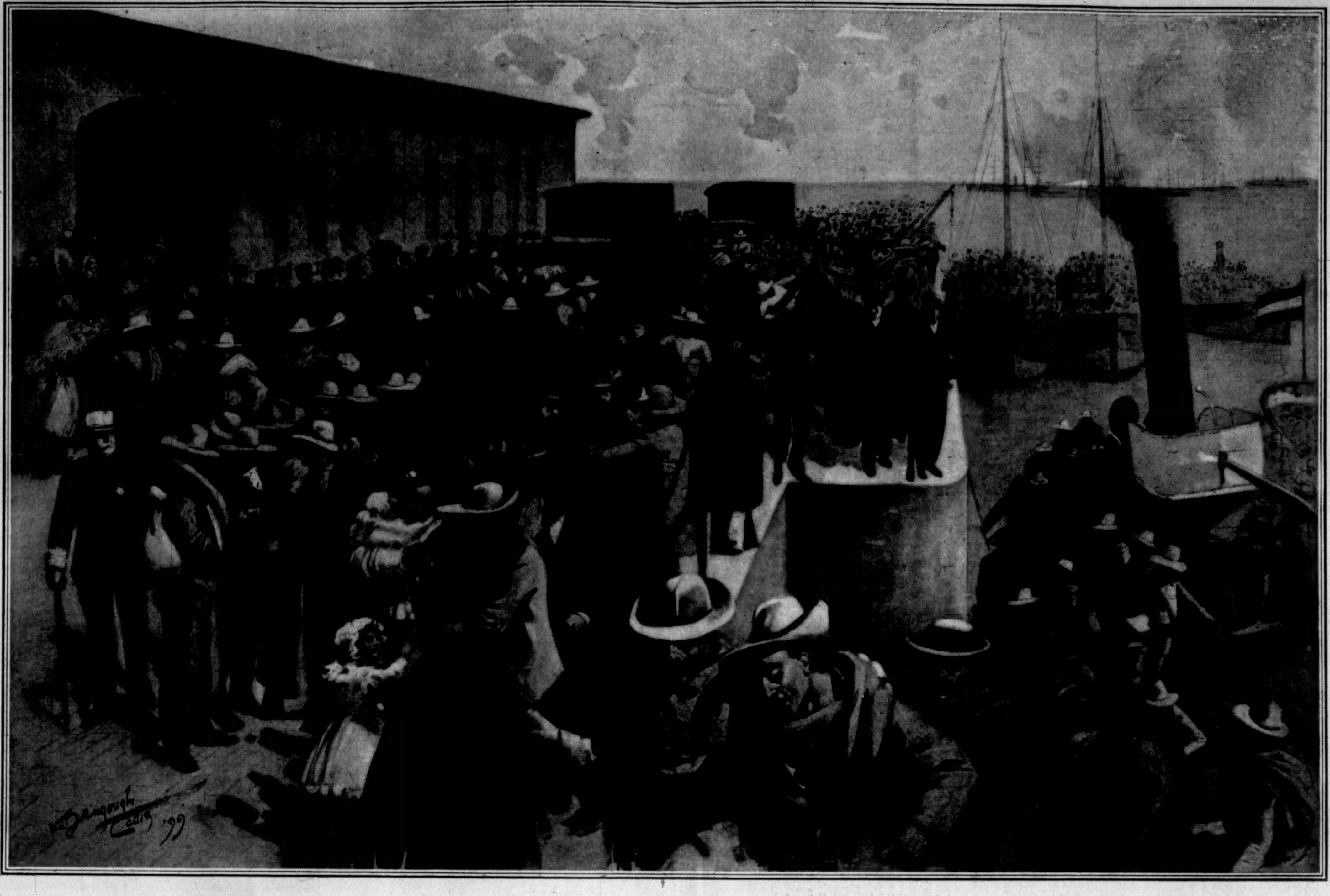
GIBRALTAR—AMERICAN SOLDIERS FROM THE TRANSPORT "SHERMAN" READING THE FIRST NEWS FROM MANILA.

When the transport *Sherman* arrived at Gibraltar, the troops on board received the first news of the fighting around Manila, whither they were bound. There was great curiosity to get particulars of the revolt which had broken out while they were at sea. The local English paper was eagerly bought by those on shore leave, and the details were read aloud and commented upon by this uniformed addition to the picturesque throng in the streets. The *Sherman*, which had on board the Third and four companies of the Seventeenth Infantry, stopped for coal and provisions on February 14.

All the officers, availing themselves of this opportunity to see the world-famous garrison town, were recipients of cordial attentions from the English troops, and were shown the barracks and fortifications, to the limit prescribed by the rather stringent rules. In this instance the privates had to content themselves with gazing from the decks at the mysterious tunnelled cliff and at the fringe of green foliage, which was a novelty to those who had sailed in zero weather. To the non-commissioned officers ashore the Moors, with their bare legs, loose blouses, and turbans, were objects of special curiosity; but nothing could compete in human interest with the solitary Spanish soldier, just returned from Cuba, who still wore his familiar light blue uniform, as at Santiago.

Colonel Duboce

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL VICTOR D. DUBOCE, on February 5, led the daring attack on the fortified church held by the insurgents. Along the village road leading to Paco, the insurgent stronghold, the rebels had secreted themselves in their native huts, keeping up an annoying fire on our troops. To this fire the First Californians were peculiarly exposed. Colonel Duboce ordered the huts cleared and fired. The insurgents scattered, sought refuge in the church and convent of Paco, and here made a determined stand. It was then that Colonel Duboce, with a handful of volunteers, dashed into the church, scattered coal-oil around, and set fire to it. In a minute the church and convent were in a blaze. Fifty-three of the rebels were captured.


W. Bengough Cadiz '99

CADIZ—THE RETURN FROM CUBA OF ONE OF THE LAST DETACHMENTS OF THE SPANISH ARMY.

Drawn from Life by William Bengough, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

Edward J. Morgan. Mary Mannering. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen. Mrs. Charles Walcot. William Courtleigh. Hilda Spong.

DANIEL FROHMAN'S LYCEUM COMPANY IN "AMERICANS AT HOME"—ACT I.: THE BETROTHAL.

MUSIC

A NEW OPERA: MANCINELLI'S "ERO E LEANDRO"

> "So great that old-time love which now I speak,
> That lightning, sea, and death it could defy."
> —Boito.

New Operas sung at the Metropolitan since 1894.

BETWEEN the beginning of the year 1894 and the date at which these lines are written (a term slightly exceeding four years) the successive official seasons at the Metropolitan have acquainted New York with four new operas. I do not include scores that merely in a local degree are new. The four, all unsuccessful, are Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," Bemberg's "Elaine," Massenet's "La Navarraise" (which last work somewhat strains courtesy in being called an opera), and Scharwenka's "Mataswintha," sung under the composer's direction, as a postscript to a German season, given by the Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis. The weakness of this catalogue is clear. In a contrast therefore all the pleasanter comes the last incident of the seventeen weeks of the Metropolitan's brilliant winter's work for 1898–9: the production of an opera genuinely new and of indisputable merit, "Ero e Leandro," by Luigi Mancinelli, better known to New York opera-goers as a conductor than as a composer; but to whose creative abilities we are debtors for a première advancing much further than toward a success merely of personal esteem.

Data of the "Ero e Leandro."

"Ero e Leandro"—to be called by the English equivalent, "Hero and Leander"—was framed by Mr. Mancinelli as a dramatic cantata, on a command from the management of one of the more important "musical festivals" of Great Britain, that of Norwich. As a cantata it was produced in Norwich with decisive favor in 1896. Either its exposition at Norwich or some earlier doubts gradually convinced the composer toward turning his work into an acted lyric drama. Accordingly, as an out-and-out opera, "Ero e Leandro" made presently a second public appeal. It was heard at Covent Garden last spring, and a reference to it was made in this journal at the time. The major cast was the same as that which now has been presenting it here. One circumstance or another, and the varied cross-currents of operatic policy, have postponed it from month to month; until, somewhat abruptly, it was taken up, hurriedly rehearsed, and well presented in the last fortnight of our long season.

An old Tale of Greece and of Love well retold by Boito.

The libretto is by Arrigo Boito (under his literary anagram of "Tobio Gorrio"). That remarkable musician, the composer of "Mefistofele" and the writer of several superfine libretti, has retold, with a good deal of poetic beauty, and enough dramatic force for climaxes that are classical and Hellenistic in their essence, a tale that indeed is old and tragic. We have as heroine the fair Hero, priestess of Venus, whose athletic lover Leander used nightly to swim across the Hellespont's swift strait to breathe his vows to the lonely and gentle vestal, until a storm overcame his strength, and cast his body at the foot of her tower. For further particulars see analysts of Oriental myths and folk-tales, see Musæus, see Ovid and other later authorities; or open any good dictionary of Classical Antiquities—which Hero and Leander by no means were. Boito has added to the cart of this pretty tale a third wheel, that makes it run faster—to wit, a rival, *Ariopharnes* of Sestos, a base-minded Thracian priest, whose heart is set on *Hero*. Boito neatly makes *Hero's* scorn of *Ariopharnes* the cause of his banishing her to the Tower of Sestos. I may add that the libretto is extremely ill-translated. Boito, by-the-bye, does not drown his *Hero*, though legend does so. Here she dies of the shock of seeing her lover's fate completed. We have three or four episodes of "subdued movement," several little tableaux that have color and statuesque grace, a splendidly spirited ballet, being an "orgy" in the Temple of the Venus Aphrodite, and there is a management of simple effects that attains a climax quite sufficient for the average opera-goer. The scenery, costumes, and ballet at this production have all been excellent, except the actual scene and stage effect of the Tower, and the appearance of the storm-tossed corpse of *Leander*—which more suggested a bather at Bar Harbor taking a sun-bath on a rock than a lamentable catastrophe. The pictures of the Portico of the Temple in the moonlight and of the Aphrodisium were really admirable.

The Score of "Ero e Leandro."

As for the music of "Ero e Leandro," it brings to us in no case a great opera; but it brings us a good one—quite worth hearing and enjoying and respecting. The music voices no new Italian call of the spirit. It amounts to a score of a reserved but sufficient inspiration, quite in the Neo-Italian vein. This means that now Meyerbeer, now Wagner, now Ponchielli, now Puccini, now Massenet, now Goldmark, is reflected. But the reflection comes in an eclectic and sincere way, especially in rich orchestration and in freedom of keys and progressions. Mr. Mancinelli has kept remarkably clear of real quotations. He has his own operatic accent, if not actual operatic voice. His opera stands on its own feet most of the time. In "Ero e Leandro" are passages of true lyric beauty, such as *Hero's* fanciful "Song of the Shell," beginning, "Conchiglia rosea, del patrio lido—piccolo nido del vasto mar"; the two love-duets, where occur some eloquently fine phrases; the Torch Song in the Tower Scene, and the really beautiful concerted number, for the principals and chorus in the second act, "O sacra vergine, le chiome d' oro . . . spargo." Dramatically the composer is fettered to a statuesque libretto—just the kind of book that Cherubini would have made much more austere. But in part of the music for wicked *Ariopharnes*, in the duets I have alluded to, and certainly in the choral scene, with its thrilling effect on the cry "Io, pæan," and in the last act, where there occurs a magnificent bit of programme-music, the storm, Mr. Mancinelli is a writer of truly dramatic Italian opera. Again, the composer manages a neatly artistic contrast in the growth of the work, by writing the first two acts with a certain simplicity of rhythms, harmony, and of linear purity in the melody that is almost monotonous; reminding us of the Greek conception and Greek mannerism in musical art. This he does even to the keeping in his chorus parts an effect of unisons, again and again, and employing something like a Hellenic orchestration, till we half wonder at such an angular and thin ensemble. But as the opera advances this is skilfully changed. The last act is rich, especially casts aside archaic suggestion. It brings modern instrumentation and firm polyphony. There is one deficit in the meat of the score. That lack is in strong, straightforward melody—the "square touch," as painters say, in tune. There is chromatic dilly-dallying rather than directness of invention. Moreover, the spirit of cantata rather than of opera yet hovers over many pages in "Ero e Leandro."

A superior Work, sung in superior Performance.

But, all things duly weighed, "Ero e Leandro" compresses into two hours and a half—ample time for an opera to say all that one opera need say, and nowadays is aimed to say—an interesting, winning, and superior Italian opera. It should be good for at least three or four performances in any season of Italian or French singers; a score not of robust strength, but never feeble; never prolix nor obscure; producing an excellent impression, and of enough individuality to do credit to its author. And it was most beautifully sung on this occasion, when the composer led it. Madame Eames was a vision in her Greek dresses, and her voice was like the lyre of Erato. Mr. Saléza was faultless vocally as *Leander*, and in the duets as fiery as a Greek lover or anybody else could be. Mr. Plançon, arrayed as so often is that stately barytone, in a vast, appalling aggregate of robes, overwraps, and flowing draperies—seemed to be in his finest voice. A classical sort of vocal prologue, written in sixteen *stanze* of grave verse, beginning and ending "Canto la storia d' Ero e Leandro," is delivered by a Muse, before the opera's first scene, and takes the place of an overture. This prelude fell to Madame Mantelli, and it was sung with taste. As for the public reception of the new opera by the Metropolitan—which was only two-thirds full—it may be recorded as immediately and uninterruptedly cordial. This aspect obtained outside of the energies of a superfluous amateur claque. Altogether, it was a cheerful and deserved first night of a new work, whether length or shortness of days may or may not follow its present American publicity.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

DRAMA

The Reign of the Musketeer.

WITH Mr. James O'Neill's production of the Grundy version of the "Three Musketeers," at the Broadway, a theatrical war is declared beside which the late war of the Irish comedians of Fourteenth Street was a skirmish. We have sown the wind of realism and modernity so lavishly of late years that a whirlwind was sure to come, and it has come in the way of a revival of romanticism. Until the end of the season at the very least, we shall be more or less under the reign of the Dumas musketeer, and the Dumas musketeer is the sort of a person that never reigns but he pours. Sooner or later, I suppose, we shall all be obliged to take sides as clearly as in the days of the King and the Cardinal; nor is the decision one whit more easily made.

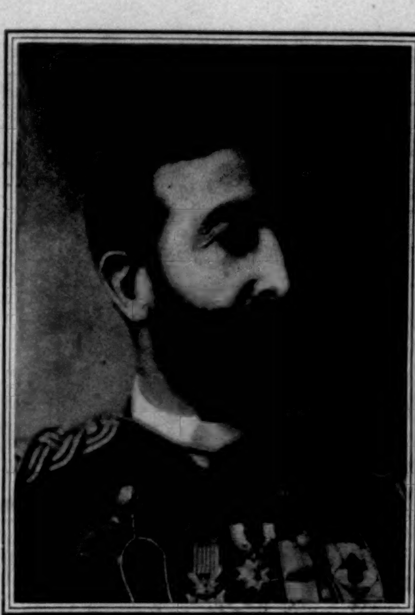
The Swashbuckler Play.

In the Hamilton version, which Mr. Sothern is playing, as I have pointed out, the dramatic motives are not at all clearly developed, and there has been small pains to preserve what literary quality the original possesses: to a person unfamiliar with Dumas the play must appear to be largely sound and fury. This fact, however, suggests Dumas in a way that nothing merely literary could; and in comparison with the Grundy version the scenes of swashbuckler comradeship, such as *d'Artagnan's* first encounter with the three musketeers, and the multiple duel with the Cardinal's guard, appear highly effective. More than this, by sacrificing the strongly individualized character of *d'Artagnan*, Mr. Hamilton has given his version a strong love motive not in Dumas, and this is especially valuable from the point of view of popularity when Mr. Sothern is the *d'Artagnan*. Moreover, though not at all dramatic in the true sense of the word, it has been very skilfully calculated for theatrical effects of the more obvious sort.

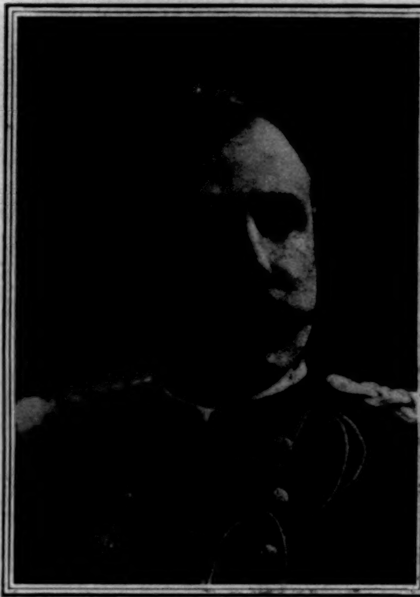
Mr. Grundy's Version.

Mr. Grundy's *d'Artagnan*, like Mr. Hamilton's, lacks the heartless immorality of the original; and even the brutal scene in which the musketeers murder *Miladi*, which Mr. Hamilton has retained in a modified form as shown in our illustration of last week, is lacking. In most other respects, however, his *d'Artagnan* closely follows the book, and as scene follows scene many different sides of his character are shown. Mr. Grundy's has given us his father's advice: "Fight every chance you get, and fight all the more because, since duels are forbidden by law, it requires a double courage to fight. *M. de Treville* fought five duels between here and Paris, and afterwards he fought hundreds—look where he is now." That advice was well followed. He has also given us *d'Artagnan's* dear old nag, and he has made the escape from *Miladi's* dagger almost as ridiculous as it is in the novel. We see, too, how his episodes of gallantry transformed the awkward provincial lad into a man of the city, and how his sword, and his eye for the main chance, brought him into prominence in the court. In the end, though one is perhaps not dazzled by romance and heroics, he feels that he has made the acquaintance of a well-rounded and interesting character. The weak point in Mr. Grundy's version is in the adaptation of the story to the stage. Many of the scenes are only slightly varied from the old version last played in America by the younger Salvini, notably that in which the musketeers cross swords and exclaim, "All for one and one for all!" in the manner of melodrama now relegated to the Bowery. The opening scenes of the play, however, reach a higher level of dramatic effectiveness than anything in the Hamilton version. This is notably the case with the prologue showing the branding of *Miladi*, the action of which is wholly of Mr. Grundy's invention. This prologue takes place during a thunder-storm, and in a room lighted by a fire on a great stone hearth; as the curtain rings down, *Miladi* is grovelling in rage and pain, while the *fleur-de-lis* of the felon is being branded on her shoulder. It is a great pity that the strongest scene in the play should be the first. Full of quality as the Grundy version is, and dramatic as it is in spots, its lack of good fighting and of a sympathetic love interest makes it unlikely to outlast the play at the rival house.

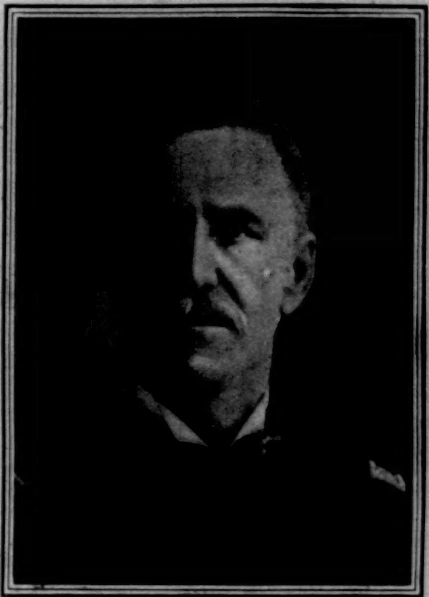
If the acting of Mr. O'Neill's company strikes one as better on the whole than that of Mr. Sothern's, it is per-



BRIG.-GEN. LOYD WHEATON, U. S. V.
In command of the Advanced Line in the recent Operations against the Filipinos.



LT.-COL. VICTOR D. DUBOCE, U. S. V.,
1st California Volunteers.—[See Page 282.]
Hero of the Assault on Paco Church.



MAJOR EDWARD McCONVILLE, U. S. V.
1st Idaho Volunteers.—[See Page 286.]
Born June 25, 1846. Killed at Manila, Feb. 5, 1899.

haps owing to the fact that the lines in the Grundy version are better in the main, and the characters are so drawn as to give scope to variety of effect. Mr. O'Neill's attitude toward his part was intelligent, and by the time he has had Mr. Sothern's experience in it he will, no doubt, give a highly workmanlike and effective reading. Though the trio of musketeers is less prominent in the action, the parts were taken, on the whole, with more dignity and force: if Mr. Lackaye was less imposing as *Athos* than Mr. Erlynne, the fault lay in the fact that he did not look the part so well, and that he had less opportunity. The *Cardinal* of Mr. Henry Saint Maur had far more finesse than that of Mr. Lawrence, though it lacked the touch of cold cunning to make it adequate. The lines set down for *Anne of Austria* recall Mrs. Telfer's saying that as parts queens are not worth a tinker's oath; but this did not prevent Miss Judith Berolde from giving a performance that was clear and dignified. The part of *Constance* was so circumscribed that any one who had seen Miss Margaret Anglin's *Roxane* in "Cyrano" must have felt personally defrauded.

Mr. O'Neill and his Company.

Miss Blanche Bates.

The most interesting part in the performance was *Miladi*. The lines give scope for almost every variety of malignity and allurement, for suffering, rage, and triumph; and Miss Blanche Bates accepted each opportunity with intelligence. Though her methods still lack variety, they have the directness and sincerity of a craftsman. If she appeared too winsome and too womanly to be the very wicked person she pretended, it was because she has not yet reached the detachment of the best histrionic art. She showed no disposition to be charming at the expense of the required effect; I am sure that we were all more willing that she should be pleasing than she was to be so. By-and-by she will be able to make effects so artistically that we shall not care whether she is charming or not.

Not at Home.

"Americans at Home," which Mr. Daniel Frohman has dignified by giving it to his Lyceum company to produce, is by Miss Abby Sage Richardson and Miss Grace Livingston Furniss, whose "Colonial Girl" Mr. Sothern produced last autumn. It has much the same plot, and much the same qualities and limitations. The falsity of its characters and situations, however, is more damaging than in the "Colonial Girl," because it is a comedy of contemporary life. It has been so universally condemned that it would scarcely be necessary to dwell on its faults if it were not presented so admirably and were not an American play. The main situation is that of a young man (Mr. Edward Morgan) who, having been jilted, marries a young woman who has accidentally disclosed her love for him. This betrothal is managed rather plausibly, but with it the virtues of the play cease. The rest of the action is occupied with comic scenes so elaborately false that they rouse one to an anger of disappointment, and melodramatic scenes so bald that they make one sigh for the liberty to hiss. One of the comic scenes concerns a West Point cadet who during a love-passage is suffering from a tight shoe. The speeches are so arranged, of course, that they fit equally well his feet and his heart. In "Lord and Lady Algy," at the Empire, there is a similarly false situation, in which a young woman is laced too tightly. If there is anything to be grateful for in the Lyceum play, it is the fact that the West-Pointer is spared the old jokes about military stays. The alleged Americans of the play do not get anywhere near home; they are all puppets of stageland. This again is a matter for congratulation, because it makes it unnecessary to take the play with the seriousness accorded to "The Last Chapter."

"Trelawny" on the Road.

As the play has in all only three weeks to run, it is probable that it has been produced merely to serve as an alternate to Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells" during the approaching tour of the Lyceum company. It will be interesting to note whether "Trelawny" requires an alternate. It is perhaps the best play of its sort produced this season, and, more than that, it is probably one of the best of the present generation of English comedies. Its success in New York has been far greater that its success in London—a fact which is the more remarkable because the strong local flavor of the play more or less fails of effect with us. I have been inclined to attribute its success, like that of Pinero's "The Amazons," to the fact that the literary and dramatic finesse of the play is such as an American audience is especially fitted to take hold of; but Mr. William Archer, who ought to know, if anybody does, attributes its success to the fact that it is acted much better here than in London. Certainly the Lyceum company is the best of its kind we have. If the play is not strong enough outside of New York to go by itself, it will be very surprising, for in spite of the assumptions of metropolitan journals, intelligence as to the drama exists in several places outside of New York. JOHN CORBIN.

The Perfect Hour

BE it on my blazon shown
How I fought the fiends alone,
Ere I rose to this content,
Open, true, magnificent.

My heart from the underworld
Rides the bright sea-foam upcurled;
My heart suns in air between
Medlar-pear and nectarine;

Terrors run to me at dawn,
Tamer than the velvet fawn;
Not to me hath Love denied
His great star of eventide.

Fate, where is thy splintered spear
Met me in the tourney year?
Once thou wert in overthrow,
Then I laughed, and let thee go.

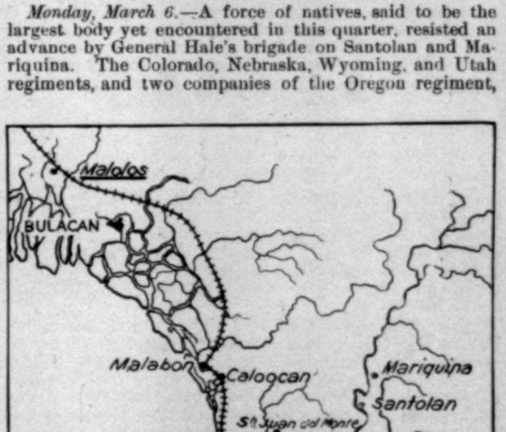
Wouldst thou yet make sport of me,
Find me Kingly, fervent, free!
Though there come the foreordained,
In thy citadel I have reigned.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Diary of the Revolt

GENERAL WHEATON AT PASIG—"THE GREATEST VICTORY SINCE FEBRUARY 5"

Monday, March 6.—A force of natives, said to be the largest body yet encountered in this quarter, resisted an advance by General Hale's brigade on Santolan and Mariquina. The Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Utah regiments, and two companies of the Oregon regiment, were engaged, the infantry having the support of artillery, and of a gunboat on the river. Eight of our men were wounded; the hostiles retreated. This was not an effort to extend the American lines farther inland, as it might appear to be; but the natives had taken a commanding position, from which it became necessary to dislodge them. The fighting spread to General Wheaton's brigade.



MAP OF THE OPERATIONS AROUND MANILA.

Tuesday, March 7.—The Twentieth Regular Infantry, which had been held in reserve, took part in an attack of General Hale's brigade upon several thousand natives near the Pasig. It was a continuation of the fighting east of Manila, which, with occasional pauses since February 5, had gradually become more and more serious. The Wyoming regiment advanced from the west, the Twentieth Infantry and the Nebraskans on the north. The natives, in their earth-works, were almost enclosed, when an impulse to reach the enemy, who had so long kept out of range, seized the volunteers. Company C of the Wyoming regiment sprang from the line with a cheer and dashed toward the Filipinos' trenches. Then the other companies of the same regiment joined in the charge, which of course became a chase, though the fighting lasted two hours. The natives, driven towards the river, were exposed to the gunboat's fire. About two hundred and fifty were killed. Of our men, three were wounded and a number prostrated by the heat. During a renewal of the attack, later in the day, six Americans were wounded, including a major and two captains, and two privates were killed. Finally General Hale withdrew his lines to the position they had occupied in the morning, and the hostiles followed in force, reoccupying their lost ground.

Thursday, March 9.—A despatch from Manila contains a report of progress in the Visayan group: all quiet at Ilo Ilo, although skirmishing "was frequent in the outlying districts"; the Negros commissioners doing excellent work at Bacolod, a battalion of our troops landed in Negros on March 4 being "magnificently received and entertained by the natives," etc.

A number of native houses at Pandacan, a suburb of Manila, were destroyed by incendiaries.

Friday, March 10.—The transport *Grant*, having on board Major-General Lawton, the Fourth Infantry, and a battalion of the Seventeenth Infantry, arrived at Manila. The opinion was expressed that a forward movement would at once be begun, and that General Lawton would command at the front, while General Otis would direct the advance from his headquarters at Manila.

At Washington it was stated that the administration had decided to enlist native troops, and that, by way of experiment, General Otis had been authorized to organize a battalion of Filipinos.

Saturday, March 11.—At Caloocan the Filipinos were driven from a trench they had begun to construct; at San Pedro Macati there was desultory firing.

A new brigade was formed for General Wheaton, General King having recovered his health sufficiently to resume his former command.

An order from the War Department at Washington was sent to all generals commanding departments of the army in the United States, withdrawing permission for families of officers or enlisted men to accompany troops to Manila, and forwarding the advice contained in the following cablegram from General Otis: "Manila not safe place for officers' families. Great difficulty experienced in caring for women now here, and their safety one of the chief causes of anxiety. Officers' families should remain in the United States."

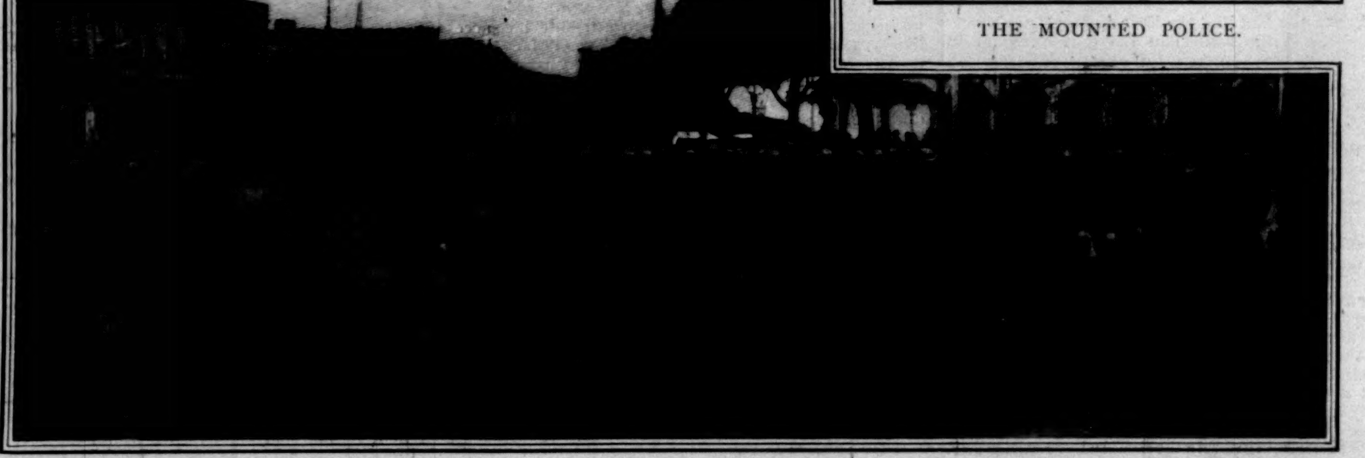
Sunday, March 12.—General Otis forbade the Spanish commissioners, who have been negotiating for the release of prisoners held by the Filipinos, to pass the American outposts, or to treat further with the natives, who were demanding a large indemnity, and were encouraged by the prospect of securing substantial aid for their cause.

Monday, March 13.—General Wheaton's Provisional Brigade (Twentieth and Twenty-second Infantry, eight companies of the Washington and seven of the Oregon volunteers, three troops of the Fourth Cavalry, and Scott's battery of the Sixth Artillery) set out from the neighborhood of San Pedro Macati at 6.30 A. M. This was the beginning of a movement to extend the American lines eastward to the shores of Laguna de Bay, and thus to cut off the hostiles of the provinces of Cavité and Batangas, on the south, from easy communication with those at or near Mariquina, Caloocan, Malabon, and the capital, Malolos, on the north.

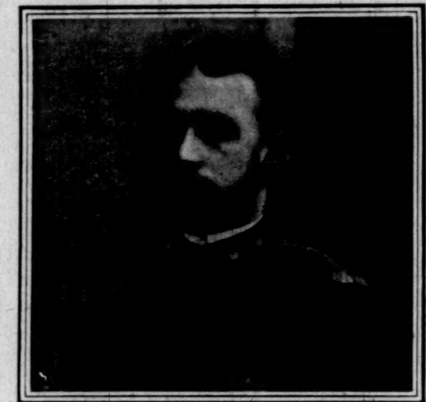
The first point of attack was Guadalupe. The hostiles

CLUB DRILL OF THE 4TH BATTALION—"PRESENT ARMS!"

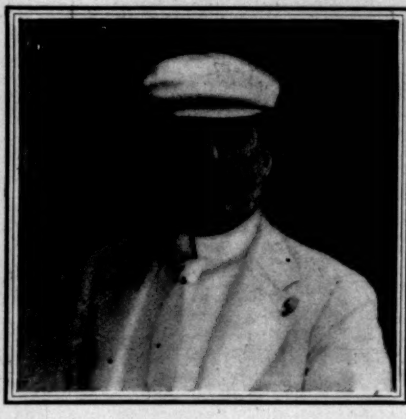
THE MOUNTED POLICE.



GENERAL REVIEW OF THE FORCE—GENERAL CARDENAS AT THE HEAD.



GENERAL MARIO MENOCAL,
Chief of Police of Havana.



JOHN McCULLAGH,
Organizer of the Police Force.

MAJOR EVANS, U. S. V.,
Organizer of the Criminal Court.

HAVANA'S POLICE FORCE AND THE MEN WHO RULE IT.

made a determined stand at the church, but were driven out; the battery shelled the trenches, and from the river a gunboat "poured a terrific fire from her Gatling guns into the brush"; the left of the column advanced towards Guadalupe, firing volleys, while the right pushed on towards the town of Pasig. The extreme left resting on the bank of the stream below Guadalupe, the entire column then wheeled towards the river, forcing the enemy to retreat eastward; then Guadalupe was captured, and the artillery was moved to a ridge commanding Pasig and Pateros. Pasig was bombarded. From time to time, as the Filipino lines were driven steadily backward, our men were halted to make their firing more accurate and decisive. The heat was almost intolerable and the country very rough.

Tuesday, March 14.—General Otis's despatch of this date to the Adjutant-General, Washington: "Until yesterday field operations here, since capturing Caloocan, were of minor nature, consisting of driving back small bands of insurgents, with considerable loss to the latter. Yesterday General Wheaton . . . attacked large force of enemy, drove them back, and took line of Pasig River, which he now holds. Two improvised gunboats on the lake have captured considerable property. Insurgent loss heavy; our own killed and wounded slight, aggregating thirty-five, mostly slightly wounded. Insurgents made no determined stand." Some of the press despatches, however, stated that a "fierce opposition" was offered by the Filipinos. Three members of the Twenty-second Infantry were killed.

The natives who had been driven out of Pasig by shells from Scott's battery returned during the night. At daybreak the artillery and gunboats renewed the bombardment, with the inevitable result. But as soon as the firing ceased about one thousand hostiles returned to the town, replying to Gatling guns with their rifles, and suffering heavy losses.

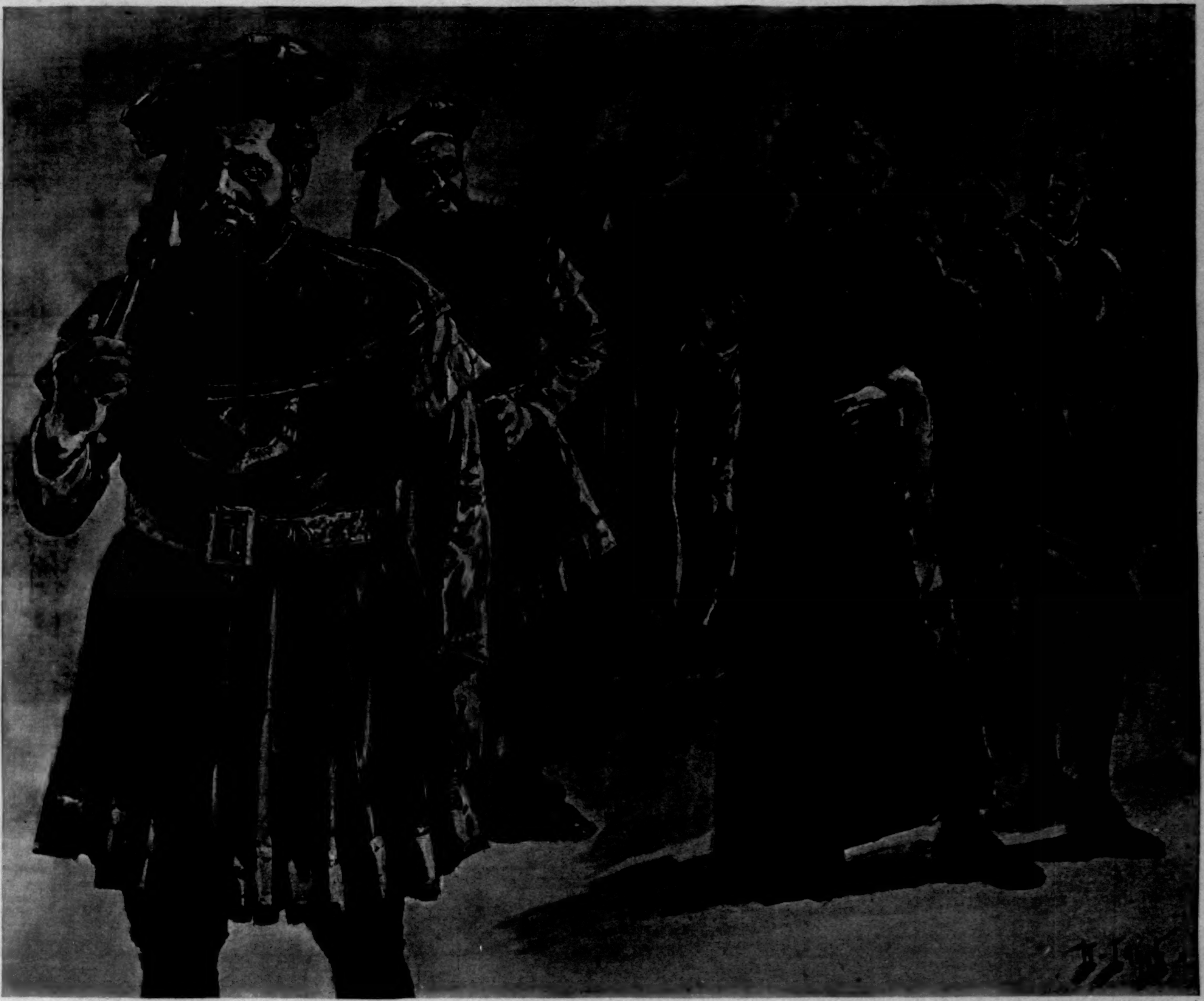
In the delta at the head of Pasig River the towns of Pateros and Taguig were also shelled, but the river intervened and they could not be captured immediately. Some of the Filipinos on the west bank of the river were dislodged by a cavalry charge. (One killed and five wounded on our side.) Three barges loaded with provisions for the hostiles were captured, and their guard of seventy-six made prisoners. Orders were given to Major Grant to take one of the gunboats and destroy all of the vessels in Laguna de Bay, the largest body of fresh water in the archipelago.

As a matter of record, for the historian's use, these synchronous paragraphs should be brought together here:

> An appeal to the people of the United States, urging all lovers of freedom to co-operate in an attempt to induce the government to suspend hostilities in the Philippines and confer with Filipino leaders with a view to preventing further bloodshed by recognizing their independence, etc., was issued over the signatures of many prominent Americans.
>
> It is the purpose of the administration to pursue the rebellious Filipino army until either its effectiveness is destroyed or Aguinaldo is compelled to sue for peace without conditions. The attack begun by General Wheaton was the opening of a determined campaign, which will be carried on without cessation until the authority of the United States in the Philippines shall be, as far as the natives are concerned, undisputed.

Wednesday, March 15.—A portion of General Wheaton's command crossed the river, drove the enemy from their trenches, and took possession of Pasig; and meanwhile some of the volunteers and the Fourth Cavalry attacked and captured Pateros (which was burned) and Taguig. In a despatch of this date General Otis said: "Three thousand insurgents moved down last night to towns of Pasig and Pateros on shore Laguna de Bay, fronting Wheaton's troops on Pasig River line; by heavy fighting Wheaton has dislodged and driven them back, taking 400 prisoners and inflicting heavy loss in killed and wounded; he reports his loss as very moderate. He now occupies these towns with sufficient force to hold them." In conversation General Otis referred to this action as "the greatest victory since February 5." MARRION WILCOX.

Major Edward McConville, who was killed at the head of the Idaho troops in the charge on the insurgent bastion, February 5, was born at Cape Vincent, New York, June 25, 1846, and during the rebellion was a drummer-boy in the Twelfth New York, and served with distinguished gallantry in the Nez Percé war in 1877, in command of the North Idaho volunteers, as Colonel. In 1891 President Harrison appointed him Superintendent of the Indian Training School at Fort Lapwai.



When the Sleeper Wakes[*]

By. H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THREE DAYS.

LINCOLN awaited Graham in a suite of apartments beneath the flying-stages. He seemed curious to learn all that had happened, pleased to hear of the extraordinary delight and interest which Graham took in flying. Graham was in a mood of enthusiasm. "I must learn to fly!" he cried. "I must master that. I pity all poor souls who have died without this opportunity. The sweet swift air! It is the most wonderful experience in the world."

"You will find our new times full of wonderful experiences," said Lincoln. "I do not know what you will care to do now. We have music that may seem novel."

"For the present," said Graham, "flying holds me. Let me learn more of that. Your aeronaut was saying there is some trades-union objection to one's learning."

"There is, I believe," said Lincoln. "But for you—! If you would like to occupy yourself with that, we can make you a sworn aeronaut to-morrow."

Graham expressed his wishes vividly, and talked of his sensations for a while. "And as for affairs," he asked, abruptly—"how are things going?"

Lincoln waved affairs aside. "Ostrog will tell you that to-morrow," he said. "Everything is settling down. The Revolution accomplishes itself all over the world. Friction is inevitable here and there, of course; but your rule is assured. You may rest secure with things in Ostrog's hand."

"Would it be possible for me to be made a sworn aeronaut, as you call it, forthwith—before I sleep?" said Graham, pacing. "Then I could be at it the very first thing to-morrow again. . . . This is a wonderful time."

"It would be possible," said Lincoln, thoughtfully. "Quite possible. Indeed, it shall be done." He laughed. "I came prepared to suggest amusements, but you have found one for yourself. I will telephone to the aeronautical offices from here, and we will return to your apartments in the Wind-Vane Control. By the time you have dined, the aeronauts will be able to come. You don't think that after you have dined you might prefer—" He paused.

"Yes?" said Graham.

"We had prepared a show of dancers—they have been brought from the Capri theatre."

"I hate ballets," said Graham, shortly; "always did. That's not what I want to see. We had dancers in the old days. For the matter of that, they had them in ancient Egypt. But flying—"

"True," said Lincoln; "though our dancers—"

"They can afford to wait," said Graham. "There are questions I want to ask some expert—about your machinery. I'm keen; I want no distractions."

"You have the world to choose from," said Lincoln. "Whatever you want is yours."

Asano appeared, and under the escort of a strong guard they returned through the city streets to Graham's apartments. Far larger crowds had assembled to witness his return than his departure had gathered, and the shouts and cheering of these masses of people sometimes drowned Lincoln's answers to the endless questions Graham's aerial journey had suggested. At first Graham had acknowledged the cheering and cries of the crowd by bows and gestures, but Lincoln warned him that such a recognition would be considered incorrect behavior. Graham, already a little wearied by his civilities, ignored his subjects for the remainder of his public progress.

Directly they arrived at his apartments, Asano departed in search of kinematographic renderings of machinery in motion, and Lincoln despatched Graham's commands for models of machines and small machines to illustrate the various mechanical advances of the last two centuries. The little group of appliances for telegraphic communication attracted the Master so strongly that his delightfully prepared dinner, served by a number of charmingly dexterous girls, waited for a space. The habit of smoking had almost ceased from the face of the earth, but when he expressed a wish for that indulgence inquiries were made, and some excellent cigars were discovered in Florador, and sent to him by pneumatic despatch while the dinner was still in progress. Afterwards came the aeronauts, and a feast of ingenious wonders in the hands of a latter-day engineer. For the time, at any rate, the neat dexterity of counting and numbering machines, building-machines, spinning-engines, patent doorways, explosive motors, grain and water elevators, slaughter-house machines, and harvesting appliances was more fascinating to Graham than any bayadere. "We were savages," was his refrain; "we were savages. We were in the Stone Age, compared with this. . . . And what else have you?"

There came also practical psychologists, with some very interesting developments of the art of hypnotism. Their science was now in general use; it had largely superseded drugs, antiseptics, and anæsthetics in medicine; was employed by almost all who had any need of mental concentration. A real enlargement of human faculty seemed to have been affected in this direction. The feats of "calculating boys," the wonders, as Graham had been wont to regard them, of mesmerizers, were now within the range of any one who could afford the services of a skilled hypnotist. Long ago the old examination methods in education had been destroyed by these expedients. Instead of years of study, candidates had substituted a few weeks of trances, and during the trances expert coaches had simply repeated over all the points necessary for adequate answering, together with the suggestion of a post-hypnotic recollection of these points. In process mathematics, particularly, this aid had been of singular service, and it was now invariably invoked by such players of chess and of games of manual dexterity as were still to be found. In fact, all operations conducted under finite rules—of a quasi-mechanical sort, that is—were now systematically relieved from the wanderings of imagination and emotion, and brought to an unexampled pitch of accuracy. Little children of the laboring-classes, so soon as they were of sufficient age to be hypnotized, were thus converted into beautifully punctual and trustworthy machine minders, and released forthwith from the long, long thoughts of youth. Aeronautical pupils, who gave way to giddiness, could be relieved from their imaginary terrors. In every street were hypnotists ready to print permanent memories upon the mind. If any one desired to remember a name, a series of numbers, a song, or a speech, it could be done by this method, and conversely memories could be effaced, habits removed, and desires eradicated—a sort of psychic surgery was, in fact, in general use. Indignities, humbling experiences, were thus forgotten, amorous widows would obliterate their previous husbands, angry lovers release themselves from their slavery. To graft desires, however, was still impossible, and the facts of thought-transferrence were yet unsystematized. The psychologists illustrated their expositions with some astounding experiments in mnemonics, made through the agency of a troupe of pale-faced children in blue.

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

Graham, like most of the people of his former time, distrusted the hypnotist, or he might then and there have eased his mind of many painful preoccupations. But in spite of Lincoln's assurances he held to the old theory that to be hypnotized was in some way the surrender of his personality, the abdication of his will. At the banquet of wonderful experiences that was beginning he wanted very keenly to remain absolutely himself.

The next day, and another day, and yet another day passed in such interests as these. Each day Graham spent many hours in the glorious entertainment of flying. On the third day he soared across middle France, and within sight of the snow-clad Alps. These vigorous exercises gave him restful sleep, and each day saw a great stride in his health from the spiritless anæmia of his first awakening. And whenever he was not in the air, and awake, Lincoln was assiduous in the cause of his amusement; all that was novel and curious in contemporary invention was brought to him, until at last his appetite for novelty was wellnigh glutted. One might fill a dozen inconsecutive volumes with the strange things they brought to him. Each afternoon he held his court for an hour or so. He speedily found his interest in his contemporaries becoming personal and intimate. At first he had been alert chiefly for unfamiliarity and peculiarity; any foppishness in their dress, and discordance with his preconceptions of nobility in their status and manners, had jarred upon him; but it was remarkable to him how soon that strangeness and the faint hostility that arose from it disappeared; how soon he came to appreciate the true perspective of his position, and see the old Victorian days remote and quaint. He found himself particularly amused by the red-haired daughter of the manager of the European Piggeries. And after that, more hypnotic wonders. On the third day Lincoln was moved to suggest that the Master should remove to a Pleasure City, but this Graham declined; nor would he accept the services of the hypnotists in his aeronautical experiments. The link of locality held him to London; he found a perpetual wonder in topographical identifications that he would have missed abroad. "Here—or a hundred feet below here," he could say, "I used to eat my mid-day cutlets during my London University days. Underneath here was Waterloo, and the perpetual hunt for confusing trains. Often have I stood waiting down there, bag in hand, and stared up into the sky above the forest of signals, little thinking I should walk some day a hundred yards in the air. And now, in that very sky that was once a gray smoky canopy, I circle in an aeropile."

During those three days Graham was so occupied with such interests that the vast political movements in progress outside his quarters had but a small share of his attention. Those about him told him little. Daily came Ostrog the Boss, his Grand Vizier, his mayor of the palace, to report in vague terms the steady establishment of his rule; "a little trouble," soon to be settled, in this city, "a slight disturbance" in that. The song of the social revolt came to him no more; he never learned that it had been forbidden in the municipal limits; and all the great emotions of the crow's-nest slumbered in his mind. But on the second and third of the three days he found himself, in spite of his interest in the daughter of the Pig-manager, or, it may be, by reason of the thoughts her conversation suggested, thinking of the girl Helen Wotton, who had spoken to him so oddly at the wind-vane keeper's gathering. Her beauty came compellingly between him and certain immediate temptations of ignoble passion. He wondered what she had meant by those broken half-forgotten sentences; his memory of her eyes and the earnest passion of her face became more vivid as his mechanical interests faded. But he did not see her again until three full days were past.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GIRL WITH THE EAGER FACE.

IT was in the little gallery that ran from the wind-vane offices towards his state apartments that Graham met Helen Wotton for the second time. The gallery was long and narrow, with a series of faithful reproductions of the Briar Rose and Perseus series of Burne-Jones on the right-hand side, and on the left arched fenestrations, a recess with seats below each, looking out upon a large hall, wherein a slender fountain played incessantly amidst the fronds and palms. Graham came upon her suddenly. She was seated in one of the recesses, and she had turned at the sound of his footsteps. She started when she saw him.

He stopped, then advanced and seated himself beside her. "I have wanted to see you," he said, as he did so. "A few days ago you wanted to tell me something—you wanted to tell me of the people. What was it you had to tell me?"

She looked at him with troubled eyes.

"You said the people were unhappy?"

For a moment she was silent still.

"It must have seemed strange to you," she said, abruptly.

"It did. And yet—"

"It was an impulse."

"Well?"

"That is all."

She looked at him with a face of hesitation. She spoke with an effort. "You forget," she said, drawing a deep breath.

"What?"

"The people—"

"Do you mean—?"

"You forget the people."

He looked interrogative.

"Yes. I know you are surprised. For you do not understand what you are. You do not know the things that are happening."

"Well?"

"You do not understand."

"Not clearly, perhaps. But—tell me."

She turned to him with sudden resolution. "It is so hard to explain. And I am not ready with words. But about you—there is something. It is wonder. Your sleep—your awakening. These things are miracles. To me at least—and to all the common people. You who lived and suffered and died, you who were a common citizen, wake again, live again, to find yourself Master almost of the earth."

"Master of the earth," he said. "So they tell me. But try and imagine how little I know of it."

"Cities—trusts—the Labor Company—"

"Principalities, powers, dominious—the power and the glory. Yes. I have heard them shout. I know. I am Master. King, if you wish. With Ostrog, the great Boss—" He paused.

She turned upon him and surveyed his face with a curious scrutiny. "Well?"

He smiled. "To take the responsibility."

"That is what I have begun to fear." For a moment she said no more. "No," she said, slowly. "*You* will take the responsibility. You will take the responsibility. The people look to you."

She spoke softly. "Listen! For at least half the years of your sleep—in every generation—multitudes of people, in every generation greater multitudes of people, have prayed that you might awake—*prayed!*"

Graham moved to speak, and did not.

She hesitated, and a faint color crept into her cheek. "Do you know that you have been to myriads—King Arthur, Barbarossa—the King who would come in his own good time and put the world right for them?"

"I suppose the imagination of the people—"

"Have you not heard our proverb, 'When the Sleeper wakes'? While you lay insensible and motionless there—thousands came. Thousands. Every first of the month you lay in state with a white robe upon you, and the people filed by you. When I was a little girl I saw you like that, with your face white and calm."

She turned her face from him and looked steadfastly at the painted wall before her. Her voice fell. "When I was a little girl I used to look at your face. . . . it seemed to me fixed and waiting, like the patience of God.

"That is what we thought of you," she said. "That is how you seemed to us."

She turned shining eyes to him; her voice was clear and strong. "In the city, in the earth, a myriad myriad men and women are waiting to see what you will do, a myriad myriad children are lisping strange expectations."

"Yes?"

"Ostrog—no one can take that responsibility."

"Do you think," she said, "that you have lived that little life so far away in the past, you have fallen into and risen out of this miracle of sleep—do you think that the wonder and reverence and hope of half the world have gathered about you only that you may live another little life? . . . That you may shift the responsibility to any other man?"

Graham looked at her in surprise—at her face lit with emotion. She seemed at first to have spoken with an effort, and to have fired herself by speaking. Now she was eloquent.

"I know how great this kingship of mine is," he said, haltingly. "I know how great it seems. But is it real? It is incredible—dreamlike. Is it real, or is it only a great delusion?"

"It is real," she said; "if you dare."

"After all, like all kingship, my kingship is belief. It is an illusion in the minds of men."

"If you dare!" she said.

"But—"

"Countless men," she said, "and while it is in their minds—they will obey."

"But I know nothing. That is what I had in mind. I know nothing. And these others—the Councillors, Ostrog. They are wiser, cooler; they know so much—every detail. And, indeed, what are these miseries of which you speak? What am I to know? Do you mean—?"

He stopped blankly.

"I am still hardly more than a girl," she said. "But to me the world seems full of wretchedness and oppression. The world has altered since your days, altered very strangely. I have prayed that I might see you and tell you these things. The world has changed. As if a canker had seized it, and robbed life of honor and freedom."

She turned a flushed face upon him, moving suddenly. "Your days were the days of freedom. Yes—I have thought. I have been made to think, for my life—has not been happy. Men are no longer free—no greater, no better, than the men of your time. That is not all. This city—is a prison. Every city now is a prison. Mammon grips the key in his hand. Myriads—countless myriads—toil from the cradle to the grave. Is that right? Is that to be—forever? Yes, far worse than in your time. All about us, beneath us, are sorrow and pain, and the perpetual tragedy of ineffectual lives. The light, the space, the music—all the beauty and splendor and shallow delight of such life as you find about you is separated by just a little from a life of wretchedness beyond any telling. Yes, the poor know it—they know they suffer. These countless multitudes who faced death for you two nights since—for you and hope! You owe your life to them."

"Yes," said Graham, slowly. "Yes. I owe my life to them."

"You come," she said, "from the days when this new tyranny of the cities and of the rich man was scarcely beginning. It is a tyranny—a tyranny. The feudal warlords had gone, and the new lordship of wealth had still to come. Half the men in the world still lived out upon the free country-side, as men have lived for endless years. The cities had still to devour them. I have heard the stories out of the old books—there was nobility! Common men led lives of love and faithfulness then—they did a thousand things for love of honor and love of country. And you—you come from that time."

"And now?"

"Gain and the Pleasure Cities! Or slavery—unthanked, unhonored, grudging slavery."

"Slavery!" he said.

"Slavery."

"You don't mean to say that human beings are chattels."

"Worse. That is what I want you to know—what I want you to see. I know you do not know. They will keep things from you; they will take you presently to a Pleasure City. But you have noticed men and women and children in pale blue canvas, with thin yellow faces and dull eyes?"

"Everywhere."

"Speaking a dull dialect, coarse and weak—the English of their misery."

"I have heard it."

"They are the slaves—your slaves. They are the slaves of the Labor Company you own."

"The Labor Company! In some way—that is familiar. Ah! now I remember. I saw it when I was wandering about the city, after the lights returned—great fronts of buildings colored pale blue. Do you really mean—?"

"Yes. How can I explain it to you? Of course the blue uniform struck you. Nearly a third of our people wear it—more assume it now every day. This Labor Company has grown imperceptibly."

"What *is* this Labor Company?" asked Graham.

"In the old times, how did you manage with starving people?"

"There was the workhouse—which the parishes maintained."

"Workhouse! Yes—there was something. In our history lessons. I remember now. The Labor Company ousted the workhouse. It grew—partly—out of something—you perhaps may remember it—an emotional religious organization called the Salvation Army—that became a business company. In the first place it was almost a charity. To save people from workhouse rigors. Now I come to think of it, it was one of the earliest properties your trustees acquired. They bought the Salvation Army, and reconstructed it as this. The idea in the first place was to give work to starving homeless people."

"Yes."

"Nowadays there are no workhouses, no refuges and charities, nothing but that company. Its offices are everywhere. That blue is its color. And any man, woman, or child who comes to be hungry and weary, and with neither home nor friend nor resort, must go to the company in the end—or seek some way of death. The Euthanasy is beyond their means—for the poor there is no easy death. And at any hour in the day or night there is food, shelter, and a blue uniform for all comers—that is the first condition of the company's incorporation—and in return for a day's shelter the company extracts a day's work, and then returns the visitor's proper clothing and sends him or her out again."

"Yes?"

"Perhaps that does not seem so terrible to you. In your days men starved in your streets. That was bad. But these people in blue— The proverb runs, 'Blue canvas once and ever.' The company trades in their labor, and it has taken care to assure itself of a supply of that labor. People come to it starving and helpless—they eat and sleep for a night and day, they work for a day, and at the end of the day they go out again. If they have worked well they have a penny or so—enough for a theatre or a cheap dancing-place, or a kinematograph story, or a dinner, or a bet. They wander about after that is spent. Begging is prevented by the police of the ways. Besides, no one gives. They come back again the next day or the day after—brought back by the same incapacity that brought them first. At last their proper clothing wears out, or their rags get so shabby that they are ashamed. Then they must work for months to get fresh. If they want fresh. A great number of children are born under the company's care. The mother owes them a month thereafter—the children they cherish and educate until they are fourteen, and they pay two years' service. You may be sure these children are educated for the blue canvas. And so it is the company works."

"And none are destitute in the city?"

"None. They are either in blue canvas or in prison."

"If they will not work?"

"Most people will work at that pitch, and the company has powers. There are stages of unpleasantness in the work—stoppage of food—and a man or woman who has refused to work once is known by a thumb-marking system in the company's offices all over the world. Besides, who can leave the city who is poor? To go to Paris costs two lions. And for insubordination there are the prisons—dark and miserable—out of sight below. There are prisons now for many things."

"And a third of the people wear this blue canvas?"

"More than a third. Toilers, living without pride or delight or hope, with the stories of the Pleasure Cities ringing in their ears, mocking their shameful lives, their privations and hardships. Too poor even for the Euthanasy that opens its doors as the rich man's refuge from life. Dumb, crippled millions, countless millions, all the world about, ignorant of anything but limitations and unsatisfied desires. They are born, they are thwarted, and they die. That is the state to which we have come."

For a space Graham sat downcast, overwhelmed by this sudden darkening of the spacious vision of the crow's-nest. Presently he had a thought.

"But there has been a revolution," he said. "All these things will be changed. Ostrog—"

"That is our hope. That is the hope of the world. But Ostrog will not do it. He is a politician. To him it seems things must be like this. He does not mind. He takes it for granted. All the rich, all the influential, all who are happy, come at last to take these miseries for granted. They use the people in their politics; they live in ease by their degradation. But you—you who come from a happier age—it is to you the people look. You are the last hope left to common men."

He looked at her face. Her eyes were bright with unshed tears. He felt a rush of emotion. For a moment he forgot this city, he forgot the race, and all those vague remote voices in the immediate humanity of her beauty.

"But what am I to do?" he said, with his eyes upon her.

"Rule," she answered. "Rule the world as it has never been ruled, for the good and happiness of men. For you might rule it—you could rule it."

She rose up and stood before him, appealing, magnificent. And it came into his mind that she was born to be a queen—perhaps the last of queens.

She spoke again. "The people are fermenting," she said. "All over the world the people are stirring. It wants but a word—but a word from you—to bring them all together. Even the middle sort of people are restless—unhappy.

"They are not telling you the things that are happening. The people will not go back to their drudgery—they refuse to be disarmed. Ostrog has awakened something greater than he dreamt of—he has awakened hopes."

His heart was beating fast. He tried to seem judicial, to weigh considerations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The RECONSTRUCTION *of* CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

LIBERTY
&
JUSTICE

II.—AN HONEST CUSTOMS SERVICE IN CUBA.

ONLY a few days had elapsed after the Spanish evacuation of Havana, and after the United States army officials had taken charge of the government in all its branches, when the merchants of the city began to realize that the strangest thing in all the world had happened. The Custom House was being run honestly. Even money collected in overcharges was being refunded, and the fortunes of war could have brought about nothing so unexpected. It was almost impossible to believe that it was true. Tests had to be made. A blackmailer made one of the first of these tests. That man will never make another. Corrupt officials still in the service made another test. It took the form of a real strike, but it was nipped in the bud in a flash. Merchants who preferred evil ways to those of honesty tried to force a return in part to former crooked paths. A show of firmness and the turning of the light upon them sent them scurrying away. Attack after attack was made in the dark to reveal weak spots in the system of honesty, and every man left in Havana of the gang of thieves, blackmailers, pilferers, and plunder-sharers that infested the Havana Custom House turned away discouraged and forlorn. The last refuge of such men, the dissemination of plausible lies, seemed to have no effect. Alas for the stupidity of American officials! Would they never learn the lesson that they could not become rich by being honest in custom-house dealings! And such a chance as they had!

The astonishment of the people of Havana over the new situation centred upon two men. The first man was Colonel Tasker H. Bliss, Collector of the Port of Havana, and in charge of all the other custom-houses in the island, reporting directly to the Secretary of War. The other man was Walter A. Donaldson, special Deputy Collector of the Port, of many years' experience in custom-house matters in various parts of the United States, familiar with the Spanish language and Spanish customs, able to guide his chief, Colonel Bliss, who had never had experience in collecting revenue from customs duties through devious ways hedged about with technicalities. Colonel Bliss, as might be expected from an efficient officer of the army, had an idea that the way to collect was to collect. He set himself about finding out what he had to collect, and then about doing it in the most direct and straightforward way. He had another quality, found always in the best type of American army officers—true courtesy and regard for the rights and feelings of others. In Mr. Donaldson, who had had more than twenty years' experience in such work, a large part of it being in New York city, and who had already reorganized the customs service in the province of Santiago, he had a most efficient and loyal assistant, a thorough believer in the methods of civil service reform, a man who held that the public service of the country should be administered solely for the benefit of the people, and not for the political fortune of some party hack, and whose ideas regarding public office and politics had a rock-bottom basis of common all-around honesty. Between them they arranged it that there could be no stealing except by collusion with the collector.

These two men not only had to put in force a new schedule of duties and straighten out its problems and puzzles, but they had to begin work with a force reduced by one-third, owing to desertions for fear of losing Spanish pensions, and used only to the corrupt methods of the past—a force fearful lest its members should lose their places; almost incapable of any initiative of its own. There were no blanks and rules for management of details. Records left behind were valueless. There was not even a pay-roll, and there was nothing to do but to plunge right in and evolve a new order of things, little by little, out of the confusion that resulted.

What the Custom House in Havana was under Spanish rule need not be told at length. Every one knows that it was the place from which corrupt captain-generals and other high officials were supposed to obtain the largest share of their stolen wealth, some of which undoubtedly went to Spain for division with other men. If there was any strictly honest transaction within its walls it was the exception, not the rule. The place had a withering influence upon morality in business life. It was unclean, in more ways than one, from top to bottom. Mr. Robert P. Porter, who drew up the new tariff, said of the so-called tariff which was in force that it "was made by Spaniards for Spain, in the interests of the Spanish. On any other theory it was inexplicable."

What the tariff receipts meant for Spanish officials in Cuba may be inferred from the following letter, written to the Collector of Customs by General Castellanos on the very last day of his term as captain-general of the island, and found later in the Custom House; it has never been made public before, but the signature has been fully identified, and I have it on the authority of Mr. Donaldson that the letter is genuine:

El Gobernador-General,
Capitan-General
de la
Particular. Isla de Cuba.

Sr. Dn. Anibal Arriete:

Mi distinguido Amigo,—Pueden Vds. seguir cobrando en esa Aduana hasta las siete de la noche. Para recibir lo recaudado hoy estará la pagaderia abierta hasta las diez.

Cualquier hora es buena para venir Vd. a verme, pues hoy no pienso salir de casa. De Vd. affmo amigo S.S.,

Habana, *31 Diciembre, '98.* Adolfo J. Castellanos.

This translation has been furnished to me by the customs officials in Havana:

The Governor-General,
Captain-General
of the
Private. Island of Cuba.

Mr. Anibal Arriete:

My distinguished Friend,—Your people can keep on collecting in the Custom House until seven o'clock in the evening. In order to receive to-day's collection the Treasury will be open until ten.

You may come to see me at any time, as I do not intend to go out of the house to-day. Sincerely, your friend,

Havana, *December 31, 1898.* Adolfo J. Castellanos.

That letter seems to be of some historical importance. I have no knowledge that General Castellanos and his "distinguished friend" Señor Don Anibal Arriete, the last Spanish Collector of Customs in Havana, were corrupt, and I do not so charge; but it is unnecessary to call attention to the construction that would be placed upon that letter of General Castellanos, with its direction to "see me," in any country where a Latin race does not rule. What the construction must be in countries where officials are expected to steal as a matter of course, can also be conjectured. The original, which would seem to be of vital interest to the reputation of General Castellanos, can be produced at any time, and it is only fair to remark that the general opinion in Havana regarding Castellanos seems to be that he was the most "reasonably honest" of all the captain-generals they had had in a long time.

It was in such an atmosphere and under such conditions that Colonel Bliss took hold of his work. He kept the old force at work so far as possible. He opened a new bureau of audit at once. With the advice of Mr. Donaldson he established an entry division, a liquidating divison, an exporting division, and several minor divisions and departments, one of which was a bureau of statistics. He placed the bookkeepers in a different room from the cashiers; he set up gates in the place so that the clerical force should not come in contact with the merchants and their agents, who overran the place. He opened the doors of his own office, so as to be accessible to every man who could have any business with him. He set up checks and balances to prevent stealing. He started in to collect the duties in the very first case that came up. He worked from eight o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at night. He and Mr. Donaldson saw every merchant who came to them. With their own hands, more than once, they went over the routine of passing a consignment of goods through the custom-house. They drilled the clerks—and it was such a task!—and they saw that the money received was counted every night and locked up with half a dozen big keys in an antiquated safe, but with a squad of soldiers near by to guard it night and day.

HAVANA—CUSTOM-HOUSE WHARVES AND LANDING-STAGE.

Photograph by E. C. Rost.

The first rule, one might say, that Colonel Bliss and Mr. Donaldson set up, was that no man should be discharged without cause, and no man should be hired without merit and especial fitness for the work. It was real civil service reform, and there was the right kind of "starch" in it. This was shown by probably the most interesting episode that took place under the new management within the first six weeks. An official in the cashier's department came to Colonel Bliss one day in a state of great perturbation, and wanted to know if it was true that he was to lose his place, or if any man who had a "pull" could bring about his discharge. He protested that he was doing his full duty, and was serving the United States honestly. Colonel Bliss told the man that he was secure in his place so long as he was efficient and honest. Then the colonel asked why the man, whose name I do not print, by request, had come to him. The employé handed the colonel a letter without signature, which he said came from the editor of a small afternoon newspaper, and of which this is a translation:

O'Reilly, *38, Feb. 1, 1899.*

Dear Friend,—I have been waiting for you in my house, as you suggested, but I have not seen you. They are making the appointments at this moment. Though you are well supplied with money, you would not be pleased to lose your job. Let it be known that neither would I. I expect you this evening up to five o'clock. ———

Colonel Bliss questioned his employé closely. The latter was sure that a man named Robert, the editor in question, had written the letter. It was a case of blackmail, he said, and he would not submit. Colonel Bliss was puzzled. He decided to send for Mr. Robert. A polite note from the collector himself soon hurried Mr. Robert jauntily to the doors of the Custom House. It was evident that he thought he was going to "do business" with the Collector himself. Truly the Americans were not so bad, after all. The glitter in the eye of Colonel Bliss alarmed him a little, and so when Colonel Bliss asked him if he wrote the letter in question, he answered, no, as a matter of course. He had to feel his way as to why the Collector had sent for him. He had not the faintest idea that he had done anything worthy of censure. Colonel Bliss asked him if he was sure that he had not written the letter, and followed this up by what experts, and especially army experts, would call "chucking a bluff," and by pretending that he had the man cornered; and Mr. Robert surrendered. "Yes, I wrote that letter," he said, defiantly. He then said that the employé had been paying him tribute for years, and he had a right to a share of the man's salary. Colonel Bliss sat there amazed. Robert did not seem to have the vaguest idea that he had done wrong. Colonel Bliss could stand it no longer. The man wanted to explain further.

"Not another word!" thundered Colonel Bliss, and then he called in witnesses and denounced the man; told him that he would prosecute him or punish him in some form; pictured the contempt which Americans have for a blackmailer; summoned many of the employés, and proclaimed then and there that no man could cause their dismissal without just reason, and that they were to be accountable to no person for their places except himself; and then dismissed Robert in scorn.

To his still greater amazement, Colonel Bliss received this letter from Robert half an hour later:

O'Reilly, *38, Feb. 1, 1899.*

Sir,—I pray you not to blame me for my note; it was not anonymous, because it was united with my card, and because that gentleman well knows that it belonged to me. This gentleman is indebted to me for some money, and if you want to get a good information in this matter, I have no objection to be submitted before him to a cross-examination.

Some years ago I used to publish all the proceedings of the cash, and Mr. —— came to me imploring my silence. He promised spontaneously to pay twelve subscriptions every month for the time he could keep his employment, and that is the amount I claim from him; because he is indebted to me for three or four months. Passing to any other question, it would be wise, when you make your complaint against me to General Brooke, to tell him that there is no Cuban in Cuba who may claim more distinction with respect to the United States, as I can prove by all my publications since the year 1884—the last one I enclose to you. Yours, respectfully,

Estaban A. Robert.

The next day Colonel Bliss was surprised again by finding two letters enclosed in a copy of Robert's newspaper, *La Tarde*, and lying on his desk. One letter was to the Collector, and said:

Colonel Bliss,—I take the liberty to enclose an open letter to Mr. —— for your perusal.

I remain, Yours, respectfully,

Estaban A. Robert.

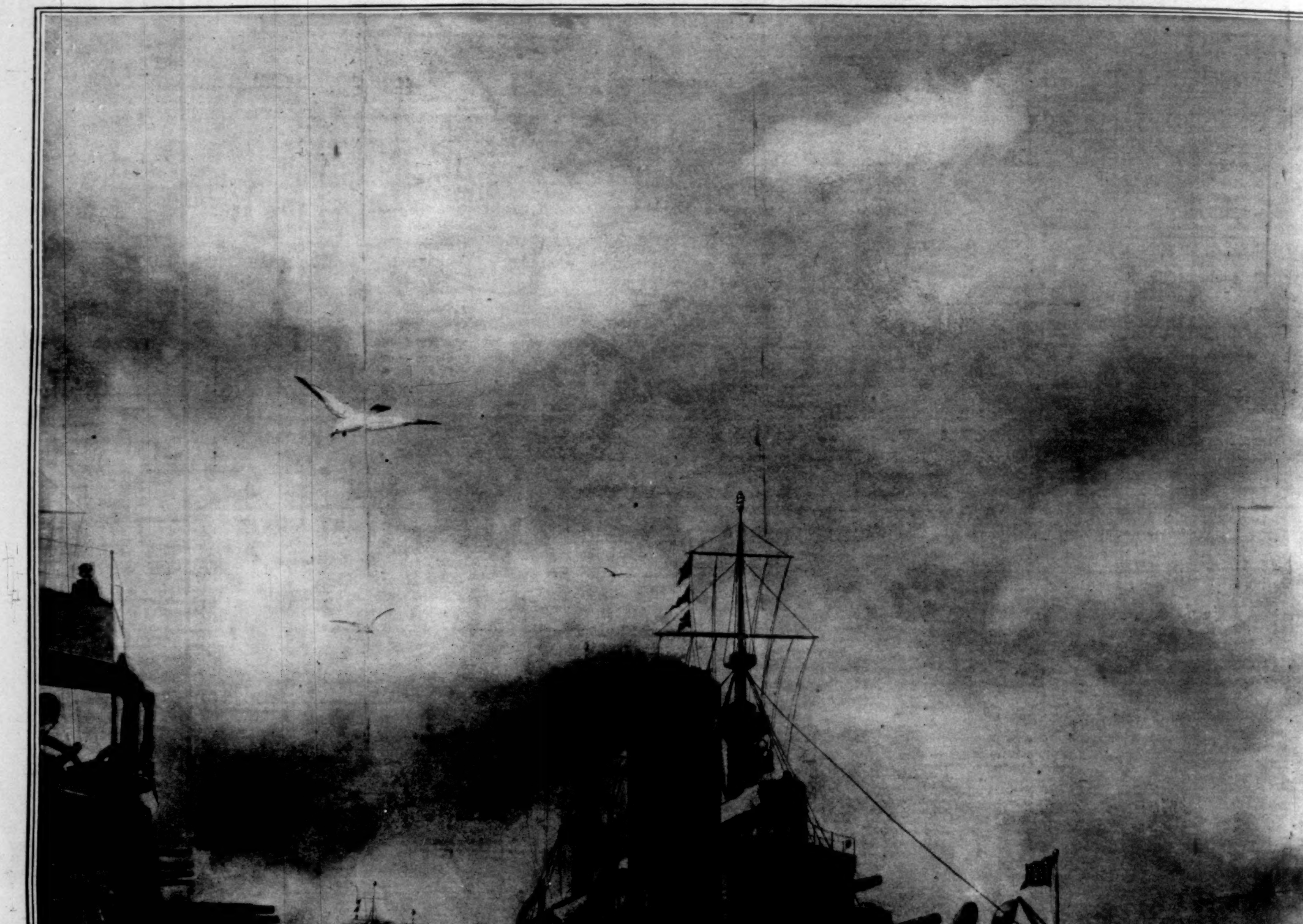
The other letter read:

Dear Friend Eduardo,—What a devil of idea you had to show to Mr. Bliss my last letter! The consequence of it all is that I have had to tell him everything, because I am not a man to lie. Mr. Bliss knows already that you offered me spontaneously twelve subscriptions. It is more than seven years ago, and payment had been declined.

Remember, if you are inclined to do it, that on San Ignacio Street you offered to pay me the amount of twelve subscriptions should I not write a word about the cash, because there was injury for you making those matters public. It was for you not to have uttered a word to anybody, because it is understood that there may be underneath this affair something deserving to be silenced. (Colonel Bliss evidently couldn't take a hint.) You ought to have in your pocket at least 200 letters in the same terms, and you only produced my last one, because it was not safe for you in other days to do the same thing, because there was danger impending. Estaban A. Robert.

The case of Mr. Robert was attended to, but with what result I do not know, inasmuch as I left the island while its final consideration was pending. It had its effect, as did another incident that occurred about the same time. An agent of one of the largest importing-houses in the city forced himself through the gate and undertook to take charge of affairs at a certain clerk's desk, just as the agent had done frequently before. He represented a merchant who had had a big "pull." The clerk remonstrated, and sharp words followed. There was an exchange of blows, and soon Colonel Bliss had a complaint from the merchant that his agent had been assaulted grievously in the Custom House by a certain clerk. Colonel Bliss investigated, and found that the agent had been very offensive in manner, had broken the new rules wilfully, and had actually struck the first blow. He called in the clerk, commended him before others, and gave notice publicly that he would stand by his employés constantly. It was a matter of amazement to Colonel Bliss that in view of past associations the clerk had the courage to strike the agent at all. The merchant was notified that that agent could no longer do business for him in the Custom House.

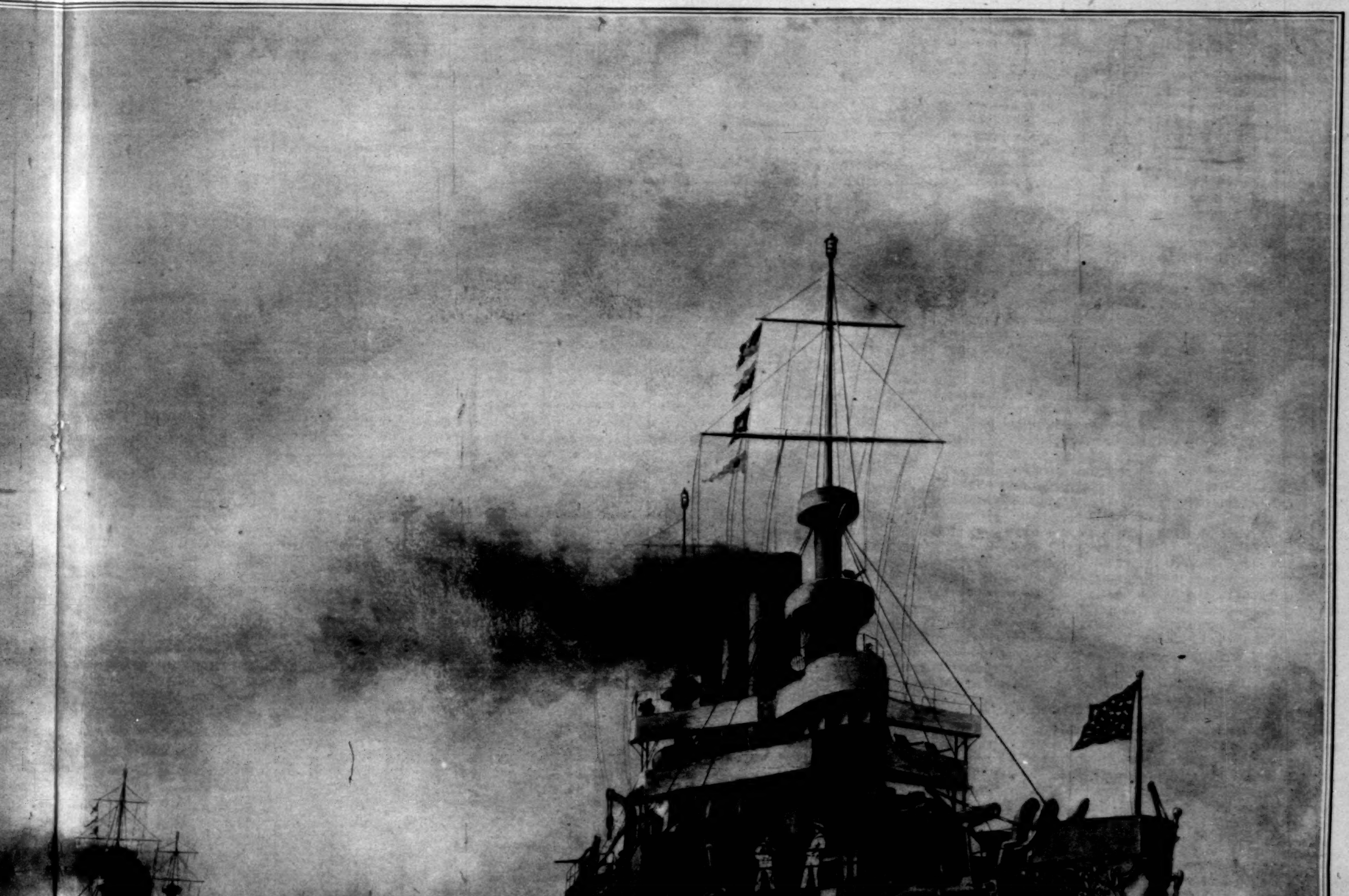
The management of the new system did not devolve so much upon the "avistas," or appraisers, as in the Spanish régime, but still it was concerning them that the most critical situation in the control by Americans occurred. In the old days the "vistas," as they were called, were what in slang parlance would be termed "the whole thing. They received very small salaries; they made an enormous amount of money. A merchant importing flour went down to the docks, "saw" a certain vista, had the cargo passed ascement, paid the duty on the spot, got an order for the release of his flour, and the vista "saw" his superior officers, and the share in the bribe that the merchant had paid for his "smuggling" did not stop until some of the money finally reached Spain. There were many advantages in this kind of an arrangement, not



"Kentucky." "Wisconsin." "Missouri." "Kearsarge." "Illinois."

THE EIGHT BATTLE-SHIPS NOW BUILDING FOR THE UNITE

DRAWN BY C. MCKNIGH



"Alabama." "Ohio." "Maine."

TED STATES NAVY, AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

NIGHT-SMITH.—[SEE PAGE 292.]

the least of which was that a merchant got his goods promptly.

It was not long before the vistas were in revolt. Collector Bliss and Mr. Donaldson found a strike of vistas on their hands one morning down on the Custom House landing. Mr. Donaldson strolled down there, apparently unconcerned, asked what the trouble was, peremptorily discharged a couple of the ringleaders, and called for the resignations of several others, and the strike was over in less than ten minutes.

Not so easy to manage, however, was the next strike, that of the merchants. It is probable that they were inspired as to their action by some of the vistas whose sources of revenue had been curtailed. Word reached Colonel Bliss and Mr. Donaldson one morning that the merchants were refusing to apply for their goods, and would not do so until there was a return to the old system of doing business directly with the vistas. It was inconvenient, the merchants said, to take a paper and go from one clerk to another, at least five, and get signatures before one could get a release of his goods. The old way was much the better. Probably then and there occurred the most critical day of Colonel Bliss's régime. He knew it, and Mr. Donaldson knew it. Colonel Bliss, with the fullest confidence in Mr. Donaldson's ability to deal with such a crisis, told him to see what he could do in the matter. The custom-house wharf could only hold so much freight; there was no system of bonded warehouses; the commerce of the port could not be tied up.

Colonel Bliss could have taken drastic measures. He could have hired buildings, locked the importations up, and told the merchants that they could get their goods at his convenience. It would have been a wholesome lesson, but it would have left sores. He told Mr. Donaldson to use tact, and the latter did use it. He strolled down upon the dock smoking a cigar. "Going to be a fiesta to-day?" he inquired, as he noted with apparent surprise that no work was going on, and that the merchants were standing around doing nothing. No fiesta? What was the trouble? Oh yes, he could understand. Probably some little hitch owing to lack of familiarity with the way of doing business. He asked for the entry blank of a merchant, offered to show him how to get his goods out, started half a dozen other men on the road in the same way, asked that a committee of half a dozen merchants be appointed to examine into the details of the new system with its checks and balances, and received the promise that that afternoon they would go into details with him; got this man and that man stirred up, and soon had all the employés engaged in work, and that strike was over, to the amazement of the strikers. That afternoon Mr. Donaldson took several entries and went through them with a committee, and then he asked them to make suggestions. Wherever it was possible to modify little things, such as placing more clerks in the cashier's department, it was done, and a permanent understanding was reached that at a certain hour each day Mr. Donaldson would show the workings of the Custom House to all who had a right to inspect them.

But there was to be still more trouble with the merchants. They complained of needless delay in some schedules, and they thought that in certain lines they should be permitted to do business with the appraiser, liquidate the duties then and there, and get their goods at once. There was too much running around to this and that clerk. Colonel Bliss invited the representative merchants of the city to meet Mr. Donaldson in conference. I had the pleasure of attending the meeting. There were about twenty-five merchants present, some of whom were millionaires. Mr. Donaldson chose to speak in English and have his words translated. He told them that the first idea of the new management, after protecting itself by modern business methods, was to help the merchants in their business, to regard them as customers of the custom-house. Recognizing this fact, Colonel Bliss had already established an order that ninety per cent. of any cargo could be taken away at once upon arrival, the duties to be adjudicated later. Mr. Donaldson was willing to answer any question, to explain the reason for any step, and would be glad to consider suggestions of any kind.

But before this was done, he wanted to say that there were three or four vacancies among the vistas. Would the merchants be good enough to recommend good men for the places, so that Colonel Bliss could appoint them? Then Mr. Donaldson started his callers off for a conversational gallop. They talked and gesticulated, and finally, after they had wandered over the entire range of custom-house business, Mr. Donaldson said,

"As I understand it, gentlemen, you would like to return to the system of liquidating your entries right beside the appraisers downstairs?"

They protested that they were satisfied with the new system in the main, but they thought that in certain schedules—hardware was one—they could make better time by the former system.

Mr. Donaldson repeated their remarks, and asked if he understood them correctly. Then he paused, and, with great deliberation, said, in a quiet but most serious tone,

"Gentlemen, do I understand that you want to return to the old system of fines as well?"

A shriek of concerted and long-sustained noes went up from that room that could have been heard half-way across the harbor. Mr. Donaldson had them on the run. He followed up his advantage by asking,

"Do I understand that most of you would prefer to return to the old" (marked emphasis on the word, with a significant look) "system of doing business in the Custom House?"

Another shriek went up. "Americano! Americano! Americano!" was the cry. Donaldson had won.

One of the most puzzling problems with which Colonel Bliss had to deal was the flag for Cubans engaged in their own coastwise trade. The flag of the United States could not be used on such vessels, and neither could the Cuban flag. The Spanish flag was banished forever. To meet the situation the President ordered that a blue flag with a white field should be used for such vessels. Owners were required to take an oath renouncing allegiance to all former governments. Some of the skippers of the vessels thought they had a right to fly the United States flag. It took a long time to convince them that the only flag they could fly would be that blue rag with a white patch on one corner, and that the forces of the United States would be used, if necessary, to protect them from being considered as pirates or as belonging to a fictitious nation. That flag is the only flag of Cuban sovereignty or semi-sovereignty which the United States, up to this writing, has recognized, and, so far as this country is concerned officially, that is the present Cuban flag. It was impossible to find all the owners of these small vessels so that they might renounce their former allegiance, and Colonel Bliss, in order not to impair commerce, had recourse to the issue of temporary permits for each voyage. The other collectors on the island soon got to understand the new order of affairs, and Colonel Bliss had rounded another sharp corner.

This matter of coastwise commerce brings up another question, that of an "open door." Colonel Bliss and Mr. Donaldson, as well as Mr. Porter, saw that if Cuba would be rehabilitated the ports must be open to ships of all nations. There were not enough ships under the American flag to deal with its commerce as if the island were our own possession. Had it not been for the open-door policy, the mines at Santiago could not have started up, and commerce at most of the ports of the island would have stood still. In a report, as far back as December 1, 1898, to General Wood at Santiago, Mr. Donaldson said:

> It is to be remarked that the policy of non-discrimination in intercourse extended to the vessels of all nations, in the matter of entering and clearing at this port, as well as at the various other ports within this province, has greatly facilitated the re-establishment of commercial relations.

The same policy has been extended since then to all ports, and the "open door" has been of immense value in the restoration of the island. It is unnecessary to point out the lesson involved.

The story of the first sixty days in the collection of customs duties by the United States under Colonel Bliss could be extended at great length. The incident of the payment of the first refund would make a long story of itself. Word was passed that it was really going to happen. The merchant interested, and nearly all of his employés, gathered to receive the money. Word of what was going on spread, and soon the corridors of the Custom House were jammed to see money that was paid into a custom-house through a wrong valuation actually paid back. It was received with cheers, and the sensation lasted fully a week, and still exists, two months later, to some extent. Oh, what queer people those American officials were, to be honest like that!

Then there was the matter of readjustment of salaries and the difficulty of making out a pay-roll. The employés did not use fixed names. One day they went by their father's name, and the next day by their mother's. Gradually Colonel Bliss got their signatures, and as long as they remain in the custom-house the names they signed are to be their official names. That the readjustment of salaries was imperative may be judged from the fact that the head of one division received $2000 a year, while the head of another, equally important, received only $600. Then there was the matter of renovating the building, cleaning the sewer that ran under the building directly under the Collector's office, and that occasionally drove him from his work. This, with the daily routine of signing permits, reports, listening to complaints and suggestions, settling disputes as to valuations, supervising the business of other ports, planning for bonded warehouses, drilling the force of clerks, occasionally descending upon the vistas to see if their appraisement had been honest, locking up the cash and transferring it to the officer designated by the authorities—all these and a score of other things kept Colonel Bliss and Mr. Donaldson busy.

So far as the new tariff was concerned, its operation had had little effect upon prices at the time of my visit. Large stocks had been imported under the old corrupt system, just before the Spaniards left. The competitive spirit as it is known in the United States does not obtain in business in Cuba to a great extent. Importations from Spain had not lessened materially, nor had those from this country increased to a marked extent. The people of Cuba are used to Spanish goods put up in Spanish ways, and it will take a long time for them to get used to new preparations. In time lower prices are bound to come and American goods will gradually displace certain importations from Spain, purchased simply because they are Spanish preparations. The official in Washington most directly concerned with the preparation of the Cuban tariff declared to me that there was no thought of exploiting the protection system. The plan was to secure about $15,000,000 in revenue, and to reduce the Spanish rates fully 60 per cent. In actual operation the reduction has ranged from 30 to 60 per cent., and, judging from the returns of January and February, about $1,500,000—in a dull time—the revenue may not run above $12,000,000 for the year.

One great lesson to be learned from American administration will be that of integrity in business affairs and the value of honesty in public office. It will cause stability in business. This administration will also furnish an object-lesson in the sacredness of public trusts. The Spanish officials simply could not understand why Colonel Bliss kept a force of men on duty until after eight o'clock one night to rectify a discrepancy of six cents. That was some more American foolishness.

Another great lesson—and perhaps the most important—relates to the civil service reform side of the American management. It would simply have been impossible to conduct business had the old idea of loot in public place by spoils politicians been put in force in Havana. Doubtless many Cubans, who had their eyes on the custom-house as a field for loot, as it existed under the Spanish régime, were disappointed at the new state of affairs. It was well for this country that it had this necessary reform in actual existence when it went into what might be called the colonial experiment. Mr. Donaldson pointed out to me that England had to learn the value of such a system after she began her colonial work, and at fearful cost. I violate no confidence when I say that it is the firm conviction of Mr. Donaldson that if the system of fitness and merit, without regard to politics, works well in the civil administration of affairs in Cuba at a time when the eyes of the world are on that management, it must have a reflex action upon such matters at home. It will not be necessary for Secretary Alger to send men to Cuba to work in the customs service for the sake solely of satisfying some man's political pull. One of the officials sent down there was brought back under criminal charges. Colonel Bliss and Mr. Donaldson can get along very well with honest help that can be secured on the ground.

I do not give statistics of the operations of the new service in Cuba, largely because the daily newspapers have already done that, and because such material will add very little to the real story that I have tried to tell. The clerks that have been retained have been tractable, energetic, and honest in the main. When military occupation ends, probably some attention will be called to the faithful service of civilians during the trials of this reconstruction period. More than one civilian from the States has died heroically in the public service in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, as Mr. Donaldson pointed out in a speech at a dinner in Havana, and there has been no pension, no salute at the grave; and for those who face danger now there has been no advancement in rank and no increased pay from time to time. Truly there is a civilian side to the military occupation of the island of Cuba.

Meanwhile Havana rubs her eyes and marvels at the sight of honesty in the custom-house. That is really the only complaint to be made against the new management and against the hard-worked, patient, straightforward army officer that supervises it.

New Battle-Ships

THE collective group of new battle-ships shown in our double-page illustration gives not only the number, but the technical points and difference in construction and appearance of the ships. The eight ships shown represent three distinct and separate types of vessels.

Taking the ships of each class as the contracts for their construction were awarded, we have the sister ships *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky* first. In these two ships the main batteries are placed in double-deck turrets forward and aft, the lower turrets (elliptical in shape) mounting the four 13-inch guns in pairs, surmounted by the circular turrets of the 8-inch guns. The secondary batteries of these ships comprise fourteen 5-inch rapid-fire guns, placed seven in each broadside, mounted on the gun-deck within the superstructure, and a secondary rapid-fire battery of twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, four Colt machine-guns, and two field-guns, with four torpedo-tubes.

In points of construction these two ships show their weakest feature in the low freeboard, which is little more than that of the *Oregon* class. These two ships were contracted for by the Newport News Ship-building and Dry Dock Company in 1895. The contract for these splendid vessels calls for a speed of sixteen knots, developed by two sets of triple-expansion engines driving twin screws. The armor belt of these ships is 13¾ inches and the turrets 17 inches thick, with a displacement of 11,525 tons. Both the *Kearsarge* and the *Kentucky* have had dock trials of their engines, and their official trial trips will be given them in the course of a few weeks.

In the following year, 1896, the *Alabama*, *Illinois*, and *Wisconsin* were contracted for, the Cramps of Philadelphia receiving the contract for the *Alabama*, that for the *Illinois* going to the Newport News Company, and the Union Iron Works of San Francisco being awarded that for the *Wisconsin*. These three ships, built on the same plans, identical one with the other, are a decided advancement over the *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky*. With a spar-deck added, and running two-thirds of their length, these ships are far superior to their predecessors in their increased freeboard.

Four 13-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted in elliptical turrets forward and aft, are carried as a main battery, with a secondary battery of fourteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns mounted on either side of the ship—two on either side in the superstructure with end fire forward and aft, four mounted on the gun-deck, with direct broadside fire on either side, and one in each bow mounted in sponsons—supplemented by a rapid-fire battery of sixteen 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, one Colt machine-gun, two field-guns, and four torpedo-tubes.

Although of the same tonnage displacement and speed, the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama* classes differ widely in appearance, the latter being the first ships in the American navy to carry their funnels athwart ships, as do many of England's sea fighters. The ships in this class are widely apart as to their advancement in construction, the *Alabama* being well in hand, having been launched in the early part of 1898, while the *Illinois* and *Wisconsin* did not take the water until November 1898, and the first of the present year, in the order named.

In the *Maine* class, which comprises also the *Ohio* and *Missouri*, many points of advantage and defect were added and omitted through the lessons learned in our late war. Twenty feet amidships was added to the plans of the *Alabama* type when the new ships were laid down—this lengthening being necessary for the more powerful machinery required to develop the eighteen-knot speed called for in the contract. This additional length gives them nearly a thousand tons more displacement than the five new ships before described. The contracts for these three seagoing first-class battle-ships were awarded last fall, the Cramps building the *Maine*, the Newport News Company the *Missouri*, and the Union Iron Works of San Francisco the *Ohio*. When completed these ships will carry a main battery of four new-pattern 12-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted in pairs in elliptical turrets forward and aft; a secondary battery of sixteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns mounted on either side of the ship—two in the superstructure with end fire forward and aft, five in direct broadside, and one forward in sponson. The quick-fire battery will have twenty 6-pounders, four 3-pounders, two smaller guns, and two torpedo-tubes of the submerged type.

In these ships the funnels (of which there are three) are set forward and aft, thus making a very pronounced point of identity. Of the advancement in construction of these ships little can be said, as the first keel-plates of the *Maine* were only laid on the first anniversary (February 15) of the destruction of the old ship that bore the name. Of the three ships of the *Alabama* class, the spring or early summer of 1900 should see the *Alabama* in commission, and the *Illinois* and *Wisconsin*, in the order named, in the fall or winter of the same year. As for the *Maine* class, 1901 should see the *Maine* in commission during the summer, and her sister ships *Missouri* and *Ohio* in the early part of 1902. In all these battle-ships triple-expansion engines driving twin screws will be the motive power.

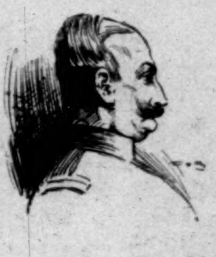
MANILA

THE TRIAL OF THE DONS

BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

January 12, 1899.

IN one of the upper rooms of the Treasury Building, within the walls of old Manila, sat the military commission. The picture was an odd one. Seated around a long table at the extreme end of the room were the American commission, with Colonel Smith in the chair. Before them sat the judge-advocate, the attorneys for the defence, stenographers, and interpreters, all ordinary good citizens, such as one meets every day at home, and feels proud to know. But the commonplace American part of the picture faded into insignificance before the mastering individuality of the five central figures—the three Spanish prisoners, Don Carlos Aymerich y Muriel, Lieutenant José Ruez y Sunico, Captain Branlio, and two witnesses, a fat Chinaman and a thin native. Lieutenant José Ruez had a remarkable head. It was unnaturally small. The forehead, if such it could be called, formed a straight line with the top of his head, and met the boardlike flatness of the back of the head at an angle of sixty degrees. At the apex of this angle the head ended in a round lump. Was it the bump of self-conceit, or merely a misplaced one of covetousness? Don Carlos, a fat man with a pointed head which grew gradually larger towards the lower part of the face, until it ended in a great chin and huge neck enveloped in triple overlapping folds, sat surveying with little half-closed eyes every detail of the room, as if he intended to build one like it at some future day. Captain Branlio was a soldierly-looking man with a grizzly pear-shaped head. The Chinaman, Santiago y Chintiaco, was big and round and fat, with a little short queue, and looked thoroughly frightened. Mariano Monas, the native, was thin and nervous.



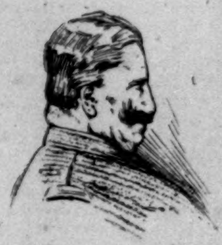
LIEUT. RUEZ Y SUNICO.

The case before the commission proved interesting, and one likely to attain international importance, for Don Carlos is a cousin of Primo de Rivera, and Lieutenant José is a cousin of General Azcarraga. All three prisoners were on trial for defrauding the United States of money. The case was a plain one—much plainer, no doubt, than pleased the three Spaniards at the bar. They had had charge of the Spanish prisons, and when the Americans took possession of Manila they consented as a favor to remain in charge of the prison for the time being. Now it so happened that they had a little agreement by which they were able to clear more money than came to them as a salary for the discharge of their ordinary duties. In order to carry out their system it was necessary to have a confidential clerk, and Mariano Monas was the very man.

Mariano Monas had once been sub-treasurer to the district of Dagupan. Some years ago it was discovered that the accounts of the treasurer of that district were three hundred dollars in arrears. The treasury at Manila notified the Spanish officials at Dagupan of the shortage, and demanded an explanation.

"Let it slide," said the treasurer of Dagupan. "I need the money to pay my debts."

"Can't be done," answered the official. "The error has been discovered and must be reported."



DON CARLOS AYMERICH.

"Let it go till next year," suggested Dagupan, hopefully, "and I will make up the amount later out of my salary."

"Won't do," answered the head of the department, firmly.

So it happened that the treasurer of Dagupan suddenly discovered that his assistant Monas had made away with public money to the amount of three hundred dollars.

"He was very sorry to be obliged to report this," admitted the treasurer, "because Monas was one of the best men in the service."

However, Monas was condemned to seventeen years in the penitentiary, and became private secretary to Lieutenant José Ruez y Sunico, who was adjutant of the prison.

A certain sum was allotted by Spanish law for fuel, oil, rice, etc., for the maintenance of each prisoner. Now the three Spaniards conceived that it would be foolish to use all this money on prisoners. After all, men are not sent to prison to grow fat. Accordingly they got the Chinaman, Santiago, to sign vouchers for twice the amount of oil, rice, and fuel that he actually delivered to the prison. Santiago was perfectly willing to do this, provided he was paid the amount of his true bill. So each month receipts for twice the amount of money expended on the prison were handed in to the treasurer, and Don Carlos drew out the whole, and divided the difference between the actual expenditure and the false receipts with his two accomplices. The prisoners might grow thin, but Don Carlos grew fat.

When the Americans came into Manila there seemed no particular reason why the change of sovereignty should force the Spaniards to give up their little system. But Captain Moffat, a prim-looking man, who had managed a newspaper somewhere out West with the aid of a revolver, was made superintendent of prisons, and, as he said, "did not propose to have his department done up." He discovered that something was wrong, and reported the matter to General Hughes. Together they laid their plans; they won the confidence of Mariano Monas by promising to release him if the charge against him proved to be false.

Monas readily fell in with their plans, and soon a trap was laid. One night, after Don Carlos and Lieutenant José had gone home, Captain Moffat entered their office and took possession of the receipts and all the books. At this time he made two new and interesting discoveries. One was that at the time the Americans came into the city there was in the prison twenty-one thousand dollars, whereas Don Carlos only turned into the American treasury nineteen thousand dollars. The second was that Don Carlos, Lieutenant José, and Captain Branlio were in the habit of drawing up an account of their little gains, and signing each month this account to signify that they considered the division fair. That night Captain Moffat went to the house of Don Carlos with a squad of men. He found the three Spaniards together.

"I arrest you," said Captain Moffat.

"This is an insult!" cried Don Carlos, jumping to his feet.

"Insult or no insult," said the captain, "it is the law."

"And pray," exclaimed Don Carlos, folding his arms and shaking his head violently, "what is the cause of our arrest?"

The captain explained, and all three Spaniards burst out laughing.

"Why, *hombre*," said Lieutenant José, "that is nothing but our beneficio."

"We call it robbio," said the captain.

As we entered the court-room the Chinaman, Santiago y Chintiaco, was on the stand. He did not come voluntarily; indeed, he sent word that he was ill and wished to be excused.

"You will come voluntarily or be brought by force," was the answer.

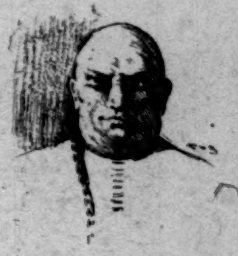
He gave his evidence hesitatingly, with an occasional glance at the three Spaniards behind him. The judge-advocate, Lieutenant Hildreth, and the American lawyers for the defence examined and cross-examined the witness, quarrelled over the admission of evidence, and politely blackguarded each other. Occasionally the president, Colonel Smith of the California volunteers, would call them to order. All this time the Spaniards sat and shrugged their shoulders, and seemed to say:

"Why all this fuss? Why does not the American judge tell us in a quiet, gentlemanly way what his price is and be done with it? We are willing to pay."

Monas next went on the stand. With clear-headed accuracy he testified to the whole conspiracy to defraud the United States. The books of the prison backed up his assertions, and no amount of cross-examination would shake his testimony. We happened to know a Spanish gentleman present who was a friend of the prisoners.

"Is it true," we asked, "that these officers have taken the money?"

"You see for yourselves," said the Spaniard, shrugging his shoulders, "but it was so badly done."



SANTIAGO Y CHINTIACO.

The case against the prisoners was so strong that the American lawyers appointed to defend them squirmed and twisted in vain to find some plausible defence. The commission have sent their decision to Washington sealed, but it is understood that the prisoners were found guilty. The decision involved a point of law which may make the case an international one. Did title to public property vest in the United States by virtue of the capitulation, or only after actual possession was taken?

In the mean time will Primo de Rivera and General Azcarraga make no effort to save Don Carlos and Lieutenant José from the terrors of an American dungeon? Time will tell.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

THE GREAT CAVES OF PUERTO RICO

IT is astonishing how little is known about the geology of the island of Puerto Rico, and the profound manifestations which Nature has there made of her power in earth-making.

At Ponce, San Juan, and Cayez no one knew of caves in the land; the people had all heard rumors of mineral wealth, but could not definitely state the localities.

Even at Caguas, six miles away from a great cavern which may develop into as much of a wonder as our own Mammoth Cave, few people have ever heard of it, and no one has ever seen the interior of its expansive chambers.

At Aguas Buenas, which lies five miles to the westward from Caguas, the people of the little village were aware of great holes in the mountains toward the south, but only two negroes had ever explored them, and they only to a limited extent.

The owner of this unknown marvel of Puerto Rico is Señor Muñoz, a large coffee-planter. He told us that several years ago an Englishman, a member of some British scientific society, had paid a short visit to the cavern and was much interested, and it is quite likely that a report of its wonders has been published in the scientific journals of Great Britain.

The expedition to this cavern, known as the "Dark Cave," is filled with almost as many surprises to the explorer as the actual finish of the journey, environed in walls of white and pendent stalactites, a mile beneath the earth's surface.

The trip proper begins from Aguas Buenas, after a five-mile ride over a bit of military road leading out of Caguas. This road is excellent—not as good as the main highway between San Juan and Ponce, though having a solid bed. It winds around the strongly eroded mountain steeps, always climbing higher and higher, until one looks back into the fair valley of Caguas a thousand feet below, with its miles of rustling sugar-cane fields just tasselling into purple brushes, which foretell the coming of the cane-cutting season. Over the wide expanse are dotted the long low buildings of the factories, relieved in their flatness by the towering brick chimneys, from which curls a thin blue smoke, produced by the test-heating of the pans. It is a fair scene, as are all landscape vistas in Puerto Rico, which recall more and more strongly, as they become familiar, the contours of Arizona and New Mexico in a new and strange dress; the rich reds and browns of the desert are clothed in one lovely gown of green, with settings of palms and bananas in place of the gaunt and wrinkled cacti.

Before us, around a turn in the road, perched high on the mountain-side, lies the little village of Aguas Buenas, with its weather-worn and battered church prominently in sight; from the tower the early morning hour is struck in cracked tones, which reverberate among the houses of the scarcely awakened town, and float still further out to the clustering thatched huts of the poor, clinging to the hill-sides in defiance of the laws of gravitation. The cool morning air, the sky filled with fleecy clouds, through which the slanting sunlight streams in moving patches over the surface of the landscape, the women trudging with heavy loads of dirty linen on their heads to a near-by stream, the white-clothed barefooted men astride of panniered shambling ponies, the well-dressed planters and shopkeepers yawningly opening their closely barred windows, combine to make a new stage-setting, part Eastern, part Spanish, part Mexican, and, last of all, part American—for over many houses floats our decorative flag.

Nine men with American uniforms, part of the First Kentucky volunteers, protect the American interests of the town, under a lucky second lieutenant, who lives at the judge's house as his valued guest. We breakfast in the barracks, for a second time, on oatmeal, coffee, bread, and bacon. The two guides to the cave are found, and, with several more volunteers, we start for the cavern, which is said to be the distance away of that elusive Spanish measure "an hour's ride."

In an air-line it is hardly a mile, but there is no telling how far it really is by trail, measured by any former training in covering space, as the way is narrow and tortuous. It goes up hills steeper than the roofs of shingled houses, it travels down declivities only short of actual precipices, and it winds into curves and S's and circles, until the body is racked with the slipping and sliding and the mind has lost all sense of direction.

When the blasé man seeks new sensations let him travel over the every-day trails of the interior portions of Puerto Rico.

Rolling one's horse down the high bank of a dry-wash in Arizona, riding through the deep forests of the northern sierras, and forcing one's way foot by foot through jungle mazes are old and commonplace experiences and without joy as compared to the scaling on horseback of a knife-edged ridge on a narrow clayey path, always damp enough to make it an even wager whether one's horse will either slip down one side or stumble headlong off the other.

Here one strikes a fairly level stretch, a veritable corduroy-road, filled in between the hard-earth ridges with soft sticking mud ten inches deep; the short-stepping native ponies walk in each other's tracks, until deep holes are formed in mud between the earthen railroad ties of drier earth. Our larger, clumsier American horses stumble and snort with fear as they go through these new feats of stair-climbing.

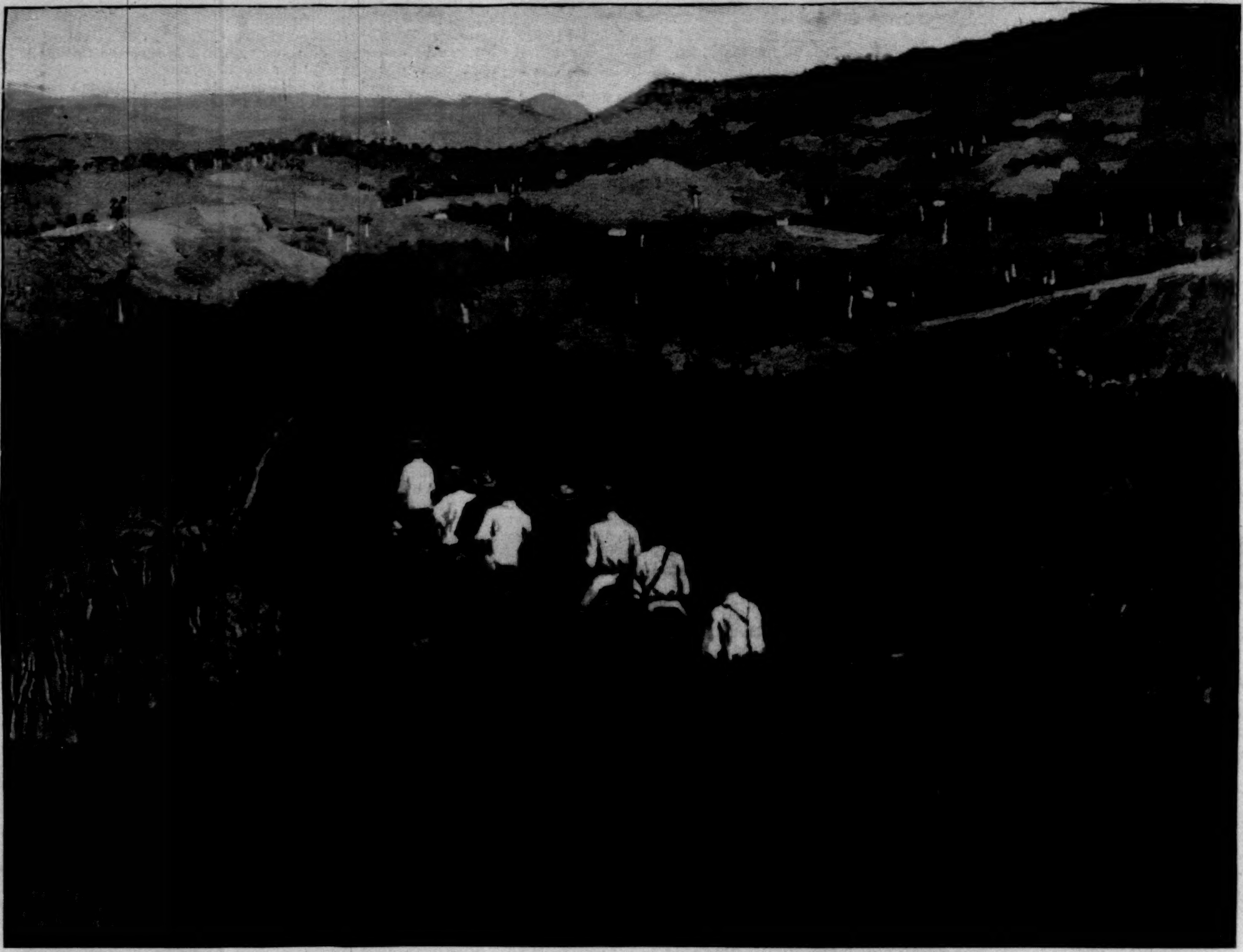
Up one ridge we go, not wider certainly than four feet, for a two-hundred-foot rise, and every saddle has gone backward to the horse's rump; one man even rides in front of his saddle, clinging vigorously to his panting horse's mane. On both sides the coffee-bushes, filled with purpling berries growing under the shade of the guava-trees, brush against our horses' sides.

There a green but luscious orange strikes a traveller on the head as he passes by; here a man ducks to miss the outspreading branches of the mocha-tree; and then, again, another man has nearly been swept from the saddle by a huge bunch of bananas swung fairly over the trail.

Below us, on the right, lies the quite modern frame house of the coffee-planter, with its tinned roof. Around his narrow yard—for his home is on a rounded knoll—are spread the coffee-cloths, deep covered with drying coffee, while not far away four peons struggle with the handled fly-wheels of the crude berry-breaker, from whose shaking wire screens rolls a hail of green-hulled coffee.

From the summit of a sharp-pointed hill, after an hour's struggle of ups and downs, through stony creek-beds, along steep grassy slopes, and under shady bowers of trees and pulpy plants, we have obtained our grandest view of the valley.

Far to the east, over the valley of Caguas, lies the Luquillo mountain range, and through the banks of heavy clouds which screen its crest Mount Yunque dimly looms, the highest point on the island. To the north a second chain of mountains, five miles away, cuts off the view of the ocean and the city of San Juan. On the west we look through long narrow valleys for miles away. On the south, right at hand, is the white, precipitous bluff of limestone, under which lie the caverns. Clinging to every tiny patch of earth are the vegetal growths of a tropical clime; and at least a thousand feet below, in the narrow gorge, rushes a mountain stream, the sound of whose waters comes faintly to our ears, as it leaps over great bowlders and down creamy-faced walls of stone.



ON THE WAY TO THE GREAT CAVES OF PUERTO RICO.

Drawn by F. Luis Mora from a Photograph by William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Island.

A mile more of down hill in a wind-about fashion, and horses are left at last, tied to calabash-trees laden with their huge green globes. A few yards to the right is a great opening in the wall of rock, but we are told that this passage is unknown, and that the main entrance is down the jungle-covered hill two hundred feet lower.

The natural entrance to these caverns is very beautiful. It is down a narrow gorge, whose walls are the sides of great falls of rock. Over the uppermost end of this passage, which must be scaled with hands and feet, hang banana and orange trees. Between, and reaching out toward the cool moist air which rushes upward, are the tropical ferns, with their leaves of filigree-work five feet in length. On every side and from every cranny spring soft-leaved vines, and yet further toward the bottom pendent roots swing in great coils like inanimate snakes.

Forty feet down through this passage is the bottom, or rather the top, of the great rock-fall, and opening from it at each side are great yawning black holes, the mouths of the "Dark Cave."

Our guides are carrying a big roll of native pitch lights, the ignitible material being a sweet odoriferous gum, which is poured into the hollow end of a dried and rolled banana sheath, the whole being tied together with binding-cord from a cocoanut-palm. These lights burn fitfully, sputtering and red, sending up clouds of incense, very pleasant to the nostrils in small quantities. A little dark-faced native had scrambled down the rocky entrance with a calabash shell filled with water balanced on his head, and after we have all drunk we start into the left-hand cave.

The guide warns all of us against too near an approach to a great black spider which lives in this dark world, but we need no further cautioning after having seen him once. With a body as large as a silver quarter, and long, thin, wiry legs, stretched out four inches in length in a full-grown specimen, he may be as vicious and as poisonous as he is represented to be; we do not experiment.

The first passage of a hundred yards is not very high, not more than fifteen or twenty feet. The floor is muddy and slippery, and the condensed water from the moving air, which nearly extinguishes our primitive lights, drips steadily from the ceiling. We are all visibly disappointed in that the hanging stalactites are covered with dirt or vegetal fungus of dark brown, which makes the first gallery a dungeon, even with the flaring lights.

Now the chambers are opening out, and the sound of rushing water above our heads among the thickening mass of lighter-colored stalactites strikes our startled ears. We peer upward, and, as we strain our eyes, see a thousand, a million, fast-moving shadows. They are bats, with rushing, fanning wings, whose lightning flight gives out the sound of mountain torrents. They thicken as we move inward, until the air is filled with them a few feet above our heads; then one, then another, of us is struck by them in their panic-stricken flight. Their skin-like wings and soft furred bodies produce an uncanny thrill as they brush by our bare faces and necks, and it is quite impossible to repress a cry of alarm when the soft pulpy bodies strike one fairly in the face. They are really harmless, but the incessant roar of their wings almost drowns our voices for the first five hundred yards.

These upper rooms, which we traversed for fully two miles, without seeing probably a tenth part of the surface meanderings, are all the native guides are familiar with. Every deep hole which leads downward is an unknown world to them, and many were their expressions of horror when we crowded to the brinks and cast stones into the depths, listening to the reverberations as they bounded from ledge to ledge, the returning sounds growing fainter as they sped downward.

Unfortunately we did not carry any rope, and not a foot of it was to be had at Aguas Buenas or in the country-side, so we were stopped at this level. This detracted from our enjoyment of the great chambers, with their overhanging decoration of marble icicles, and walls fluted into beautiful solid forms by the trickling lime-impregnated waters.

The floor everywhere was covered with black water-soaked earth, full of patches of mushy mud, over which crawled the loathsome, heavy-clawed land-crab of this region. Our guides seemed more interested in crab-hunting than any other feature of the cave, and chased them through the slimy mud to a capture; and when at last we saw daylight again, they dangled a great string of the unsightly creatures before our eyes, with smiling faces, assuring us that they were "muchos buenos" to eat.

When we were at least two thousand yards from the entrance our guides became alarmed for fear our lights would not last, so we made our way hurriedly toward daylight again, passing ramifying hallways without examination.

It was a weird flight, in which the dark shadows of the manlike stalagmites fled backward as we passed out, and the great tessellated ceilings danced a red flame-lit fandango to the music of the fanning wings of countless bats.

The entrance to the right was even more interesting, as the windings of the cave were more sinuous, breaking into great halls from passages through which we crawled on our hands and knees.

At one point we discovered a passage downward which our guides had never explored. It was very remarkable, as on one side was a highly inclined mass of blue, shaly rock, almost black in color, while on the other was the creamy white of a finely crystalline and metamorphosed limestone, which gleamed and scintillated in the flaring light.

Through this line of demarcation between two deposits, which had once been bedded on each other in a horizontal position, and then lifted high by a great earth-flexure which probably raised the island of Puerto Rico from out of the depths of the ocean, we travelled for several hundred feet, letting ourselves down yard by yard, until we could hear the babbling of a subterranean brook still many hundred feet below.

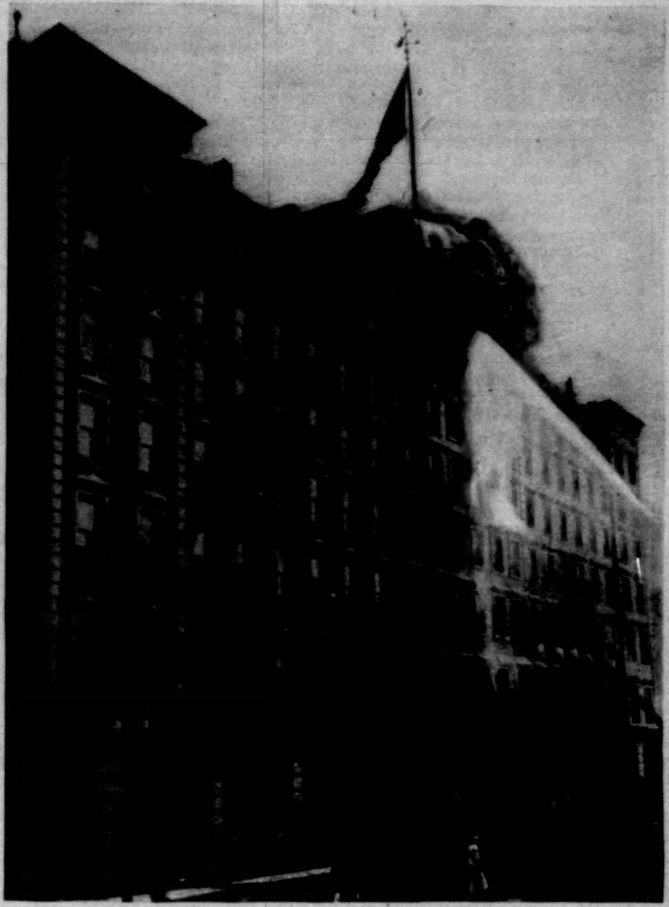
Two smooth solid walls, four feet apart, with a drop of thirty feet to the next ledge, kept us from going lower. It was tantalizing to hear the hollow musical echoes which came back from falling stones, but without ropes we could go no further.

From the second cave there are many exits—in fact, our guides became lost through our enterprising explorations; and after we had gone into many new chambers, and admired the spectral effects of sifting daylight from the high domes mixed with the red tinge and smoke of our crude lamps, they were afraid to turn back to hunt for the original entrance, so we were obliged to clamber out through a narrow opening on the opposite side of the mountain, and toil and scramble over the broken rocks toward the summit of the ridge, embowered in the wildest maze of tropical luxuriance that can possibly be imagined.

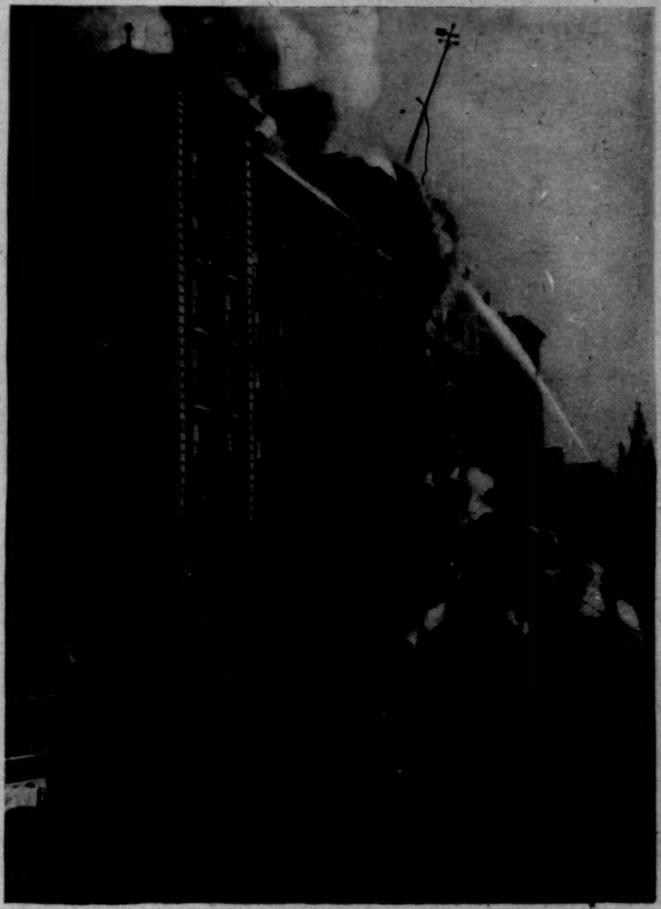
Many of the stalactites and the limestone rocks are stained with blue and green mineral salts, which would be very beautiful under the electric light, but which seem only darkened and dirty patches under the feeble light of torches. Their colors are exquisite when seen by daylight.

At the entrance to the cave we were met by the chief functionaries of the town of Aguas Buenas, the alcalde, the judge, and a horde of servants, who invited us back to Señor Muñoz's hacienda to lunch. The lunch consisted of rice, eggs, and chicken cooked in the same vessel, coffee, red wine, and bread, and after eight hours within the confines of the dark caverns this simple repast seemed royal—its chief charm being the constant thoughtful hospitality extended by the Puerto-Ricans to the Americans.

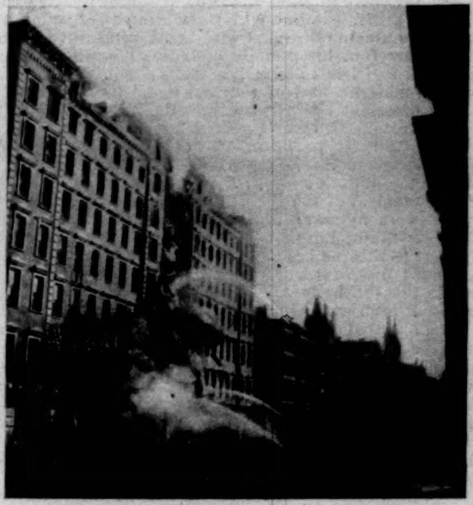
When our new island becomes a great winter resort for the people of leisure in the United States, these caves—situated as they are between fifteen hundred and two thousand feet above the sea, amid unsurpassed luxuriance of vegetation—will gain the renown which they merit, and become a Mecca for the seeker after new sensations.



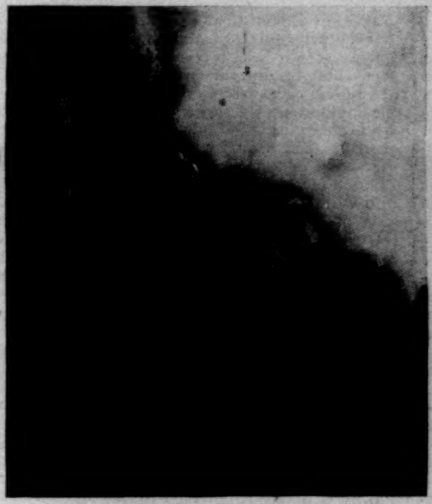
EARLY STAGE OF THE FIRE—RESCUING GUESTS.



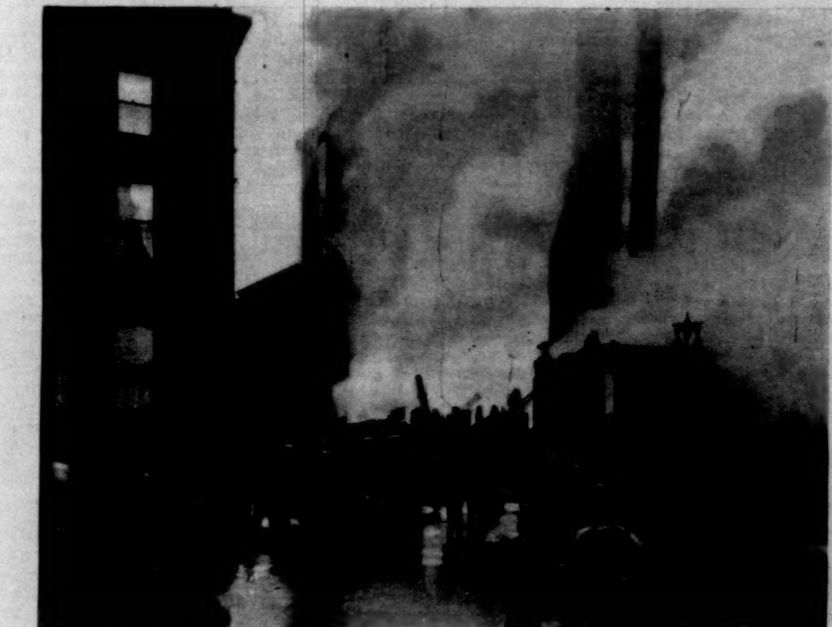
THE FIRST PORTION OF THE FRONT WALL FALLING.



FALL OF SECOND PORTION OF FRONT WALL.

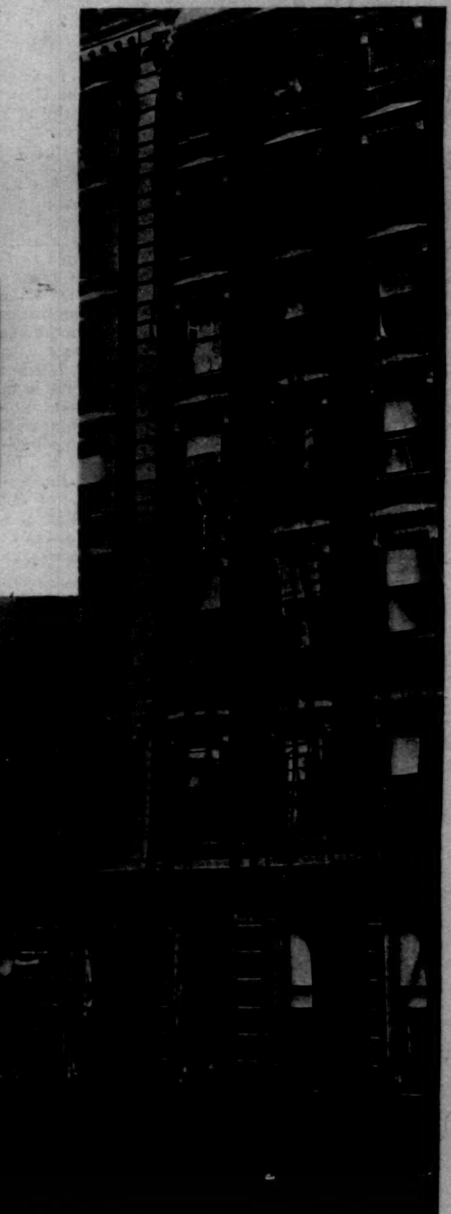


THE MAIN FRONT WALL FALLING.



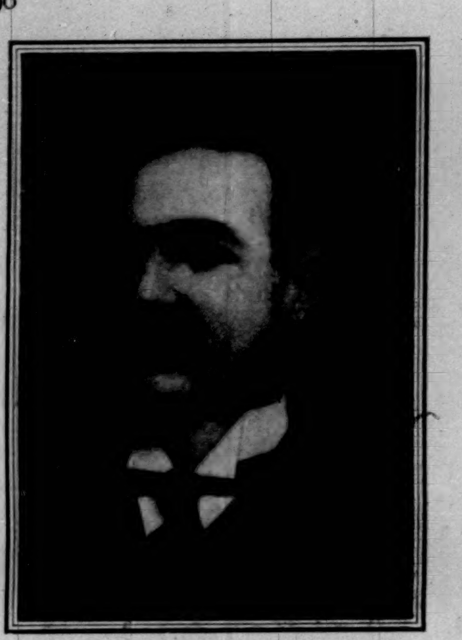
Home of Miss Helen Gould where many of the Injured were taken.

THE NEXT MORNING—WATCHING FOR THE DEAD.



RESCUING GUESTS BY EXTENSION LADDERS.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE WINDSOR HOTEL, NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1899.



HERBERT PUTNAM,
New Librarian of Congress.—[See "This Busy World."]

LONDON

March 4, 1899.

THE death of Lord Herschell spells political disaster to the Opposition. The late Lord Chancellor was the only Radical of real intellectual distinction in the House of Lords, and the only critic of government policy and declarations who seriously counted for anything at all. He enjoyed a greater reputation in Parliament than with the general public. There is a curious test of the esteem in which a public man is held by the country which roughly, but not inaccurately, assesses his true influence. I refer to the length at which his speeches are reported in the press. The oratory of great men is worked on commercial lines. Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Rosebery are the only statesmen fully reported. In the second class are Mr. Asquith, Mr. John Morley, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Sir Edward Grey. There are the speeches of many distinguished noblemen and commoners who have served the Crown which are not saleable to the newspapers by the news agencies who undertake the traffic in great men's oratory. Lord Herschell fell into this category. In his own political and legal circle, however, he enjoyed a deservedly great reputation. He was the son of a Polish Jew, who was converted to Christianity and became a non-conformist minister. Although patriotic and always ready to give his energy and time to a good cause, it cannot truthfully be said that Lord Herschell was popular, either in his profession or with the general public. He was an overworked man, and he was quick to seize opportunities rather than lucky. He had never been to Oxford or Cambridge, and his intellectual ascendancy emphasized a somewhat brusque and arrogant manner. Now that he is gone, the weakness of the Opposition in the House of Lords is without parallel or precedent. The marked decline in the prestige of Parliament in this country is increased. Lord Herschell, as British commissioner in Washington, was a much greater man than as home-rule Lord Chancellor—a post refused by the late Lord Selborne, one of the few great lawyers of this century, and by Lord James of Hereford, a Parliamentary gladiator of the type of Bayard. Lord Herschell's death has also attracted great attention to the fact that in this country talent opens the door to every career. The late Lord Chancellor was, as I have said, the son of an alien immigrant.

THE alien immigrant is now becoming a political factor. A debate on the subject will take place in the House of Commons next week. When the present government came into power, the restriction and regulation of alien immigration, more especially of those destitute and incapable immigrants who are excluded from the United States, formed a plank in the party platform. Last year a bill on the subject was named in the Queen's speech. Lord Salisbury quickly found his mistake. This year legislation on the subject is not mentioned in the Queen's speech, and there is now no prospect whatever of the question being seriously tackled by the ministry. The reason is not far to seek, although the newspapers and the politicians either agree to ignore or fail to appreciate it. Alien immigration into Great Britain is, for all practical purposes, the immigration of destitute Jews. If Lord Salisbury were to attempt legislation on the subject, he would unite against his government the whole force of Jewish influence and opinion. On other matters Jews differ among themselves. On free entry of aliens they are solid. In addition to Hebrew hostility, all those who consider that the traditions of England's hospitality to oppressed races would be broken by a refusal to receive the overflow of Russian and Polish slums would be up in arms if the government were to regulate immigration as it is regulated at Ellis Island. Furthermore, the shibboleth of "free trade" is invoked against any measure for dealing with the alien invasion. Free importation of disease, incapacity, and mendicancy is considered by the school of humanitarian economists referred to as essential to the nation's reputation. And lastly, the alien immigrants who leave the slum cities of the Russian ghetto for the Jew colonies of London, Leeds, and other great cities do not come into collision with powerful interests on their arrival. The trades they enter are, for the most part, poverty-stricken, with weak unions, and therefore the misery caused by savage competition among the newcomers for work is inflicted mainly on women and weak men, who have little power of combination or means for exercising effective political influence. Besides, unrestricted immigration facilitates "sweating," and the sweating system is cherished in the cheap boot, clothing, and other trades.

ON the other hand, it is indisputable that the bulk of those Jewish immigrants do not enter and enrich the community and become English in the sense that the Huguenots did after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. They remain aloof. Intermarriage between poor Jews and poor English rarely occurs, and the aloofness of the alien immigrants continually grows as the foreign Jewish community increases in numbers and influence. They insist on a separate diet, maintain separate customs, ignore the Christian Sunday, and transplant the habits and sanitation of the ghetto to quarters in most of the great cities of the kingdom. If they are sober, industrious, dishonest, and untruthful, the reason is clear. Occasionally a genius appears in the second or third generation, and a halo of romance is then thrown over the myriads of alien immigrants who will neither eat nor intermarry with the over-crowded and common English. Politically these aliens are becoming a serious force to be reckoned with. The growing influence of the Jewish community in England begins to attract attention from statesmen who abhor the anti-Semitic frenzy of France, and who deem the tyranny exercised by Russia over the Jewish subjects of the peace-loving Tsar as devilish.

WHEN Lord Salisbury was in Opposition he brought in a bill to restrict alien immigration. If ever a man was in earnest it was he when he submitted his bill to the Peers. I heard his speech. Now that he is in power, and could presumably pass any measure on the subject through this Parliament, with his commanding majorities in both Houses, he hesitates, and declines to act. He recognizes his own impotence. His government is strong, but not strong enough to flout the Jews. To regulate alien immigration in England would offend the great cosmopolitan Hebrew financial houses, and accordingly alien immigration is left alone. "Her Majesty's government," writes a distinguished Conservative member of Parliament to me this week, "has behaved disgracefully." Possibly; but, after all, it has only obeyed the first law of nature—self-preservation.

THE Jews of England may be roughly, but not inaccurately, divided into four classes. The aristocracy, who differ only from other aristocracies in the fact that they never make mistakes. The Jewish aristocracy are extremely popular. The recent death of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild evoked from all classes expressions of respect and affection which were as sincere as they were deserved. The virtues and public spirit of the Rothschilds and other great Jewish families have done more than aught else to prevent the outbreak of anti-Semitism in England. Below the princely Jewish aristocracy comes the Anglicized and well-to-do Jewish community, which accepts fully, in everything but intermarriage with Christians, the burdens of English citizenship. This is the class which supports the communal charities, and sets an example to the country of sacrifice, good administration, patriotism, and generosity. The unpaid work of the Jewish Board of Guardians and of the committee of the Jews' Free School in London is a model to the civilized world. The third class into which the Jewish community may be divided consists of well-to-do but purely selfish foreigners, mostly Germans and Ashkenazim, who ignore national and civic responsibilities, contribute nothing to the communal charities, and live only to amass money and get comfort. This cosmopolitan division is a really dangerous element. It is far more numerous than the two classes just referred to, and it is from the cosmopolitan German Jew, who has renounced Germany without accepting England, that such antipathy as exists towards Hebrews in this land may be said to arise. And fourthly, there are the multitudes of destitute aliens and immigrants. Their type is well known in New York, although England, in addition, receives those who are not good enough for admission to the States. The chief feature about these immigrants is their impregnability to British influence. As fast as one poor family is partly Anglicized by the splendid efforts of the Russo-Jewish Committee half a dozen more arrive. It is not difficult to perceive that a new problem in the great cities is arising, which, though it does not yet clamor for solution, will be solved by other means than legislation in an over-populated country like England, unless the government and the Anglicized Jewish community can come to some reasonable agreement in the matter.

WHEN Lord Kitchener razed the Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman to the ground, dug up the body of the false prophet, burned it on board a gunboat, and cast the ashes into the Nile, it was inevitable that awkward questions would be asked in Parliament as to the complicity of her Majesty's government in such an act of barbarianism. Mr. Labouchere, the privileged jester of the Radical party (whose powers, however, are visibly waning), supported by many Radicals, has announced his intention of opposing the grant of $150,000 to Lord Kitchener, on the ground that the act of defiling the mortal remains of a dead foe should debar him from receiving pecuniary reward at the hands of Parliament. Nobody is enthusiastic about the treatment accorded by Lord Kitchener to the remains of the murderer of Gordon. It savors of revenge. Nevertheless, there was —I am assured by one who knows the facts—no trace of vengeance in Lord Kitchener's act. As the responsible man on the spot, he was inspired purely by reasons of policy, and merely desired to prevent the tomb of the Moslem Pretender from becoming a shrine to which the disaffected might resort for generations to come, thus forming a focus for disturbance and intrigue. Still, the average man is disturbed at the discovery that the extension of empire requires a brave man's body to be torn from its grave and cast to the crocodiles. Oliver Cromwell's tomb in Westminster Abbey was, it is true, similarly defiled, and his body was dug up, hanged, quartered, and burned by the Imperialists of the Restoration. And Oliver Cromwell was a puissant prince in his way. In India, too, the bodies of religious fanatics who have run *amok* are cremated in order to demonstrate their terrestrial origin, thus preventing the sepulchres of madmen from becoming rallying-points for murderers and dacoits. When all is said that can be said on Kitchener's behalf—and Lord Cromer is one of his defenders—the proceeding is scarcely consonant with the dignity of the Anglo-Saxon race, or even of Christendom. The contemplated establishment of an Anglican bishopric on the banks of the Nile would seem to be premature until further consolidation of the empire has taken place, and the Sudan so far pacified that the dishonor of its dead chieftains is no longer essential to the welfare of the empire.

The expression of Radical objections to the Kitchener grant of $150,000 has been somewhat delayed by the prolonged debates over the Address in reply to the Queen's speech. Some thirty amendments were proposed. Discussion was not stifled by government. Democratic loquacity restrains the House of Commons from excessive and futile legislation as effectually as the more conventional forms of constitutional check in vogue elsewhere. Legislation by committees, which has done so much to destroy Congressional oratory in the United States, has not yet taken root at Westminster. The enormous and portentous development of Parliamentary speaking chokes the legislative machine, and is a marked feature of recent times. It is due to several causes. The six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons form the largest legislative body in the world. Timidity, which formerly prevented new members from intruding their views upon a fastidious audience, has almost disappeared. New members vie with old in brazen resolve to "catch the Speaker's eye" and add their quota to the dreary drip of dilatory declamation. Development of the provincial press has made it easy for each member to appear in his own constituency as a Parliamentarian of importance. And, finally, Mr. Gladstone's oratorical example, which included every grace but that of brevity, further stimulates members of Parliament to share in discussions in which, if they have not something to say, they are determined, at all events, to say something. This incontinence of speech operates as an ally of governments content with things as they are, or, at all events, not anxious for constitutional change. A millionaire member of Parliament recently remarked to me that he regretted the disappearance of home-rule from Parliamentary debates, as, while it held the field, legislation menacing property was out of the question. There is good reason to believe, whether for those reasons or for others, that the thirty amendments to the Address are by no means regarded by her Majesty's ministers with wholly unfavorable eyes, notwithstanding the legislation on London government and education promised in the Queen's speech.

NOTHING more remarkable than the contrast between the real feelings and the official intercourse of France and England has been seen for years. Ostensibly the relations of the two countries are friendly. Parliament, the Lord Mayor, and the London County Council express their profound sympathy with the French nation at the death of Monsieur Félix Faure, at the very time when a British admiral, with ships cleared for action, threatens the Imaum of Oman with bombardment if he ventures to carry out his promise of ceding a coaling-station to our dear friends and allies the French. While the Queen sends the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Stanley Clarke to represent her personally at the funeral of the late President, her Majesty's name is received with hisses at places of entertainment on the Riviera, whither she is about to repair for the usual spring sojourn. Foreign Office representations on important matters are ignored by the government of the French Republic as though Great Britain were a power of no importance and could be flouted with impunity. Only this week Lord Salisbury informed me that he has had no reply to the communication made to the French government on the subject of compensation for the families of British officers who were killed by French troops in the British colony of Sierra Leone. Two hundred and seventeen days have elapsed since representations were addressed to the French government on the subject. Foreign Office remonstrances as to the loss of British trade in Madagascar, caused by cynical breach of faith on the part of France, are ignored with equal *sang froid*. Subscriptions for the construction of a submarine boat to sink the British fleet are publicly and successfully invited by a Parisian newspaper. This kind of behavior is unfriendly, and very strong feeling is expressed in society at the insistence of the Queen in refusing to take holiday elsewhere than on French soil. Good relations with the government of France exist only on the surface, and the settlement of outstanding differences will be due to British naval superiority rather than to a new-born affection on the part of the French.

PUBLIC interest in things American continues to grow healthily. Four years ago the arrival of a new American ambassador would have attracted no attention whatever outside a limited circle. Mr. Choate's arrival in London this week is an event that interests the man in the street. Evidence of this statement is shown by the columns of matter in the cheap press which are devoted to Mr. Choate's career and antecedents. Probably more is known of the personality of the American ambassador than of any of his colleagues in the *corps diplomatique*. Mr. Kipling's illness, too, and especially the sympathy displayed by the American public for a man who has not invariably spoken smooth things of the great republic, has touched the public mind. It is difficult to convey what Englishmen feel about Kipling's illness. It is talked of in street cars, in third-class carriages of the railways, and wherever men congregate. Kipling has expressed what the average inarticulate Englishman feels but cannot say; and if his "White Man's Burden" struck a note that jars just before he himself was stricken down, the generosity of American good-will and sympathy is the more appreciated on this side. Kipling's illness has evoked more feeling than has been publicly expressed since the Prince of Wales's illness in 1871. There is a general consensus of opinion that he has done more to make the empire intelligible and interesting to the average citizen than all the politicians. He has popularized imperial unity, destroyed the Little-Englander as a political force, and brought home to the street-bred people of the great cities their inalienable responsibility for the masses of India and of Egypt. But the promise of Kipling's future was more attractive still. It was believed, rightly or wrongly, that he, more than any living man, would reveal to America the bed-rock of English character and aspirations, and that the result would be an effective and durable understanding between the two branches of the race.

ARNOLD WHITE.

Sea Voices

"THE PORT OF MISSING SHIPS."

WITHIN a dream-lit semi-tropic tide
  There is an island far from mortal ken
Where ships that sail and come not back again
Find harbor and for evermore abide.
There in perennial summer, side by side,
  Emancipated from the thrall of men,
  And all the racking storms that might have been,
They lie in haven while the ages glide.

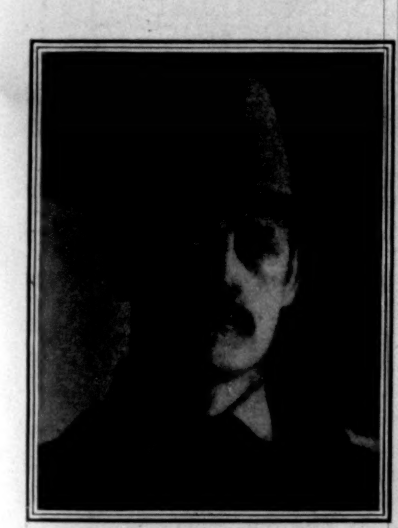
And so I fancy in some far-off clime
  There is a port that shipwrecked souls shall reach,
  And that upon some dim enchanted beach
They rest from this tempestuous tide of time.
And there they dream while cycles weave their rhyme—
  Vague dreams that never wed themselves to speech.

AFTER-GLOW.

I stood to-day beside a winter sea
  And watched the light go out along the verge—
  A crimson sorrow—and I felt the surge
Beat out the measures of day's threnody.
And, by-and-by, I heard what seemed to me
  An under-note of hope beneath the dirge,
  And saw the wraithlike after-glow emerge—
A subtle promise of the day to be.

So life goes out along the western rim
  Of time's tumultuous waters, and we say
  That one is dead, and briefly pause to pray;
Then listening seem to catch, afar and dim,
The under-tone of some triumphant hymn,
  While death's wan peace predicts another day.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



MAJOR RICHARD W. YOUNG, U. S. V.,
Commanding Utah Artillery at Manila.

Mormons at Manila

WHILE the Mormon leaders in Utah may be showing disregard for American sentiment by upholding the continued practice of polygamy and by interfering in the affairs of the State, the Utah artillery at Manila is demonstrating that, religion aside, the same patriotism animates Mormons as any other Americans. These two light batteries have proved most valuable to our forces in the three engagements which have marked the stay of our army in the Philippines. A detachment bravely withstood a night assault of Spaniards at Malate until re-enforcements arrived. All the guns were engaged at the capture of Manila, and the pictures sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY have given abundant evidence of their efficiency. In the late fighting with the Filipinos, the Utah artillery proved particularly efficient in the capture of the Manila water-works, and in guarding and covering the advance of the troops in the vicinity of Caloocan.

About two-thirds of the men in the batteries are Mormons—members of leading families in the Church. The commander, Major Richard W. Young, is a grandson of Brigham Young. His services in the field have been recognized by promotion, and his ability in another field by a detail as judge of the superior provost court in Manila, which now represents the highest judicial authority of the United States in the Philippines.

Major Young is a graduate of West Point, having been captain of cadets in the class of 1882. He was Judge Advocate of the Department of the East on the staff of General Hancock, and afterwards was a Lieutenant in the Fifth Artillery. He resigned from the army in 1889 and entered into the practice of the law in Utah. He was chairman of the code commission in 1896 which preserved on the statute-books of that State the laws against polygamy and against living with plural wives. It is this latter statute that B. H. Roberts is accused of violating, and which Mr. Roberts has said is "like the Connecticut blue laws—not enforced."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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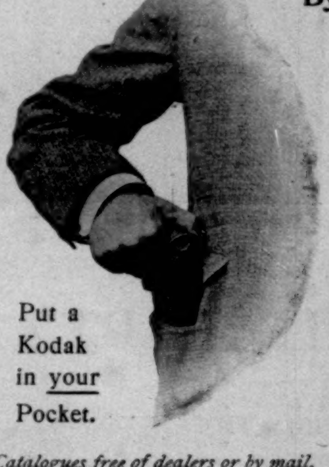

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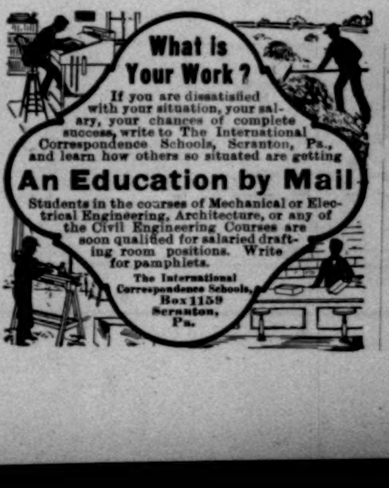

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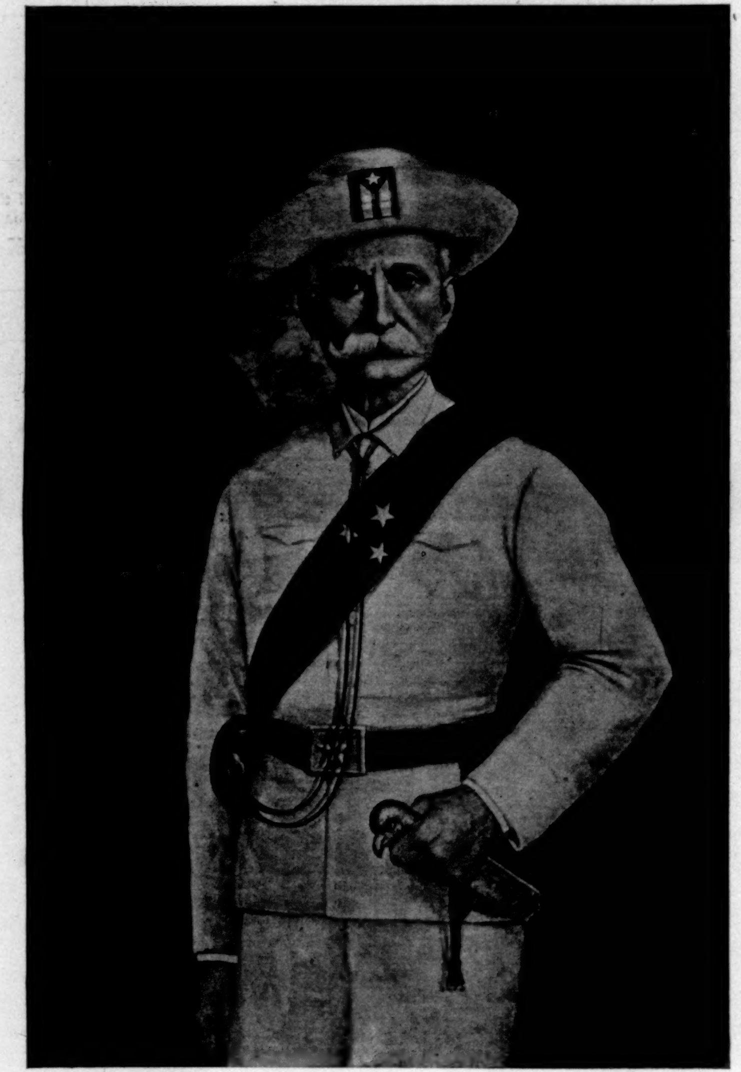

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AN UNSURPASSED OPPORTUNITY FOR CANVASSERS

AMATEUR SPORT

YET another turn has been given the kaleidoscopic affairs of Middle-Western college athletics, and the new pattern of the pieces is original and bewildering, if not symmetrical. But this latest arrangement seems hardly solid, and the slightest touch may give another fantastic effect.

Only last week I intimated that the recent Michigan-Wisconsin football contract, whereby athletic relations are resumed after a six years' separation, was prompted by a mutual anxiety lest Chicago become dictator. And now from this seeming reunion of the long separated there has vanished completely the more pleasing guise, and in its stead appears a definite coalition against Chicago, to which Illinois has also become a party. The following resolution, born of a conference of its signers on the 11th inst., is sufficiently suggestive:

> WHEREAS, We believe that harmonious inter-collegiate athletics can only be subserved by a policy of perfect equality of rights and privileges; therefore—
>
> *Resolved*, That we mutually agree not to hold athletic relations with any university which shall insist upon an inequality of rights and privileges with any of our number in any class of athletic sports. This agreement shall be interpreted to mean equal rights in determining where games are to be played, and an equal division of the net income from all games. But it shall not apply to games already contracted for.
>
> A. H. PATTENGILL,
> Chairman Michigan Board of Control.
> C. K. ADAMS,
> President of Wisconsin.
> A. S. DRAPER,
> President of Illinois.

This resolution was made public on the 14th; and Chicago, not to be behindhand, simultaneously announced the following football schedule for '99, from which Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin are conspicuously absent:

> October 7, Iowa; October 14, open; October 21, Oberlin; October 28, Pennsylvania; November 4, Purdue; November 11, Northwestern; November 18, Minnesota; November 25, Beloit; November 30 (Thanksgiving day), Brown.

The games are all to be played on Marshall Field, the home grounds.

THERE are, of course, distinctly two sides to the dispute, however pitiful it is that there should be a dispute at all. It has been already shown that just so long as Chicago's football home gate is worth four times that of any of her rivals there remains a point of contention.

Upon this troublesome shoal the waves are now breaking. The Western situation is not like New Haven, Cambridge, Princeton, or Pennsylvania, whose grounds are almost equally accessible and the gates about the same. It is not so easy to follow your college from Detroit or Madison to Chicago as it is to take a special up to New Haven. And when the games go to Madison or Ann Arbor all the advantage of the city interest is lost.

Hence, dollars now, not doubtful athletes, are the *casus belli* in the Middle West.

The end is not hard to see. Ultimately these teams must come together. Their natural affinity is too strong to be overcome by any artificial hinderance. But by what devious path they are to come again into their own no man can say.

THE controversy demands some consideration in detail. In 1895, Wisconsin and Michigan being even then estranged, the Chicago-Michigan game was played at Chicago under the auspices, for Michigan, of her Chicago alumni club. This organization made a three-year contract with Stagg, whereby all games were to be played in Chicago, Stagg to receive $300 as rental if Marshall Field was used, the Michigan team always to receive $300 for expense, and the net receipts to be equally divided. In 1897 the game was played at the Coliseum, Chicago not receiving anything for rental, but $2800 being paid the Coliseum management, which covered all expense.

In 1898 Michigan paid one-fourth of the cost of new stands at Marshall Field, and received half the net receipts. Wisconsin had a two-year contract with Chicago in '95–6, which called for a $500 guarantee to the visiting team, and the games to be held at Chicago and Madison. In '97 Wisconsin received $250 on expense, and half the net receipts at Marshall Field besides, and in '98 the same, though she allowed $600 on the cost of building 9000 new seats.

Illinois did not play Chicago in '98, but in '97 they met on Illinois's home grounds.

DESIRE for a game with Chicago at home, or at least at Detroit, became a strong influence at Michigan, and Athletic-Manager Baird recently proposed to Stagg a two-year arrangement, the return game to be at Detroit. Stagg agreed to refer the matter to his Board at their next meeting. For the 6th inst. Stagg had arranged for a meeting with Fisher of Wisconsin, the answer to Baird yet pending. A message was received from Baird on the 5th, asking Chicago to meet him and Fisher to discuss the athletic situation. Chicago answered she was not aware of any athletic situation affecting the three jointly, but Stagg would be pleased to meet them separately.

There was coercion in the air,—and it came out that Huff of Illinois had reached Chicago the day before, and was consulting Michigan and Wisconsin. At nine the next morning Fisher proposed to Stagg a two-year contract and an equal division of receipts, whether at Madison or Chicago. At ten o'clock Baird made a similar proposition on behalf of Michigan, and admitted later that Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin were going to stand together to get these terms, and if they were not acceptable to Chicago, any verbal arrangements for baseball and track dates with Michigan might as well be forgotten.

WHILE there certainly is justice in Michigan's claim for a home game on alternate years, this was a sorry way of obtaining her desires. Chicago had as yet shown no reluctance to accept Michigan's first suggestion when the latter's ultimatum was served, with a threat behind it.

The Chicago Board, thus approached, did not care to wait to consider details. Chicago was not to be coerced by Michigan or any one else, and Baird's proposition was promptly and unanimously rejected. Stagg's answer was immediately followed by a conference of President Adams, President Draper, and Professor Pattengill, and the publication of the foregoing resolution was coincident with an announcement that Chicago had taken on Brown for the Thanksgiving-day game. And the end is not yet.

THE HISTORIC RACE-TRACK OF THE KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION AT LEXINGTON.

Club-House, Grand Stand, Betting-Sheds

EMPHASIS should be given the immediate point at issue between Chicago and Michigan and her following. It is interesting to record that the break has not arisen at all out of a consideration of the real merit of Michigan's contention. She herself in her cavalier approach has not permitted that. Chicago's rejection of her proposition was indication of the latter's unwillingness to relinquish an established policy simply upon its being so demanded—and demanded at the point of a gun, as it were.

The real point never came up for discussion, and now it seems improbable that it soon will, though it is entirely a reasonable supposition that Chicago would have relinquished her precedent had she been, to her way of thinking, politely asked. Chicago, as pointed out, has given an equal share of receipts for all single games on Marshall Field, but where a contract for a return game away from home has been concerned, equal guarantees have always been the basis. The justice of Michigan's claim that she herself should be given large credit for the drawing power of the Chicago-Michigan game at Chicago occasions additional regret for the perverse method by which Chicago's dissuasion has been attempted, and for the latter's supersensitive pride.

Verily the artfulness and subtle cajolery of a diplomat of state is needed to get one safely through this nonsense!

BOORISH manners in athletic discussions may commend themselves to some of the gentlemen who assume to the course of Middle-Western college sport, but, as a rule, gentlemen prefer to be treated as such. May I be pardoned if I opportunely quote four lines I wrote last week?—"Higher than sport are self-respect and honesty and courtesy to others, good manners and morals, and that generous manliness which is the spirit of the amateur and conscience of the sportsman."

And only the other day I was reading some forceful remarks, credited to Professor Pattengill, on the desirability of greater confidence and courtesy marking intercourse with sister universities!

There was no necessity at the time for Messrs. Pattengill, Adams, and Draper to unite under that resolution. It was serving sport poorly—and good manners worse—to flaunt it in the eyes of Chicago through the daily press. It was a delicate subject, and should have been so treated. It was a matter for correspondence between the faculty members of the colleges interested, not for an exhibition of half-concealed faculty threats and the Galloping Dick raid of undergraduate or salaried managers.

LEXINGTON RACE-TRACK—INCORPORATED IN 1826, THE OLDEST IN AMERICA, AND ABOUT TO BE DISMANTLED.

On the merits of home games and equal division of gate receipts—there is positively no room for discussion. Every college must have its big game at home on alternate years, and of course the gate receipts should be equally divided—no matter what the disparity in value one year from another, due to location.

No other method can be tolerated in college sport.

The justice of home games and equal division of gate receipts cannot for a moment be disputed. This is one of the first principles of college sport—fair to all, and necessary to the welfare of amateur athletics.

Chicago could not, because of her fortunate location, presume to "dictate terms" to other Western universities. That is, she could not do so and not offend the ethics of college sport. We cannot permit college football to be made the subject of a business deal; we cannot lose sight of the fact that the games are held merely for sport and for the satisfying of honorable athletic rivalry—not for the purpose of money-making.

Chicago greatly offends sportsmen and the ethics of college sport by emphasizing her larger gate, or using it as a bait for home games.

I have no doubt Michigan, Wisconsin, *et al.* were influenced by excellent motives in seeking for home games, equal division of gate receipts, and equal rights.

They are perfectly right in seeking equality; they would be as right, in case Chicago refused it, to decline games on any other basis.

But they have made their demand so boorishly; recent expressions for independence and mutual confidence seem discredited by this boycott arranged by the very ones who were most determinedly opposed to "association."

Thus it comes about that what might have been attained easily by proper methods, is lost for the time being without in actual fact having undergone discussion.

SERIOUS complications are certain to arise when it comes to bringing off the Western Inter-collegiate track-athletic championships the coming season, unless common-sense and sympathetic interest in wholesome sport bring the leading colleges together in an association. Last June furnished a surprising and unprecedented spectacle in the gathering at Chicago of all the prominent college athletes of the West, trained through a long season expressly for a great meet which never came off. On the eve of the championships the Graduate Executive Committee of the Western Inter-collegiate Amateur Athletic Association was sitting in prolonged and special session upon the cases of Maybury and Cochems—protested athletes of Wisconsin.

Through their delegates, Chicago, Illinois, and Michigan sent in their ultimatum of absolute withdrawal from the Association unless these men were disqualified. After vain pleadings with Maybury and Cochems to voluntarily withdraw, the Committee could not see its way clear to disqualify them—and the athletes awoke next morning to find all their training wellnigh in vain; the Association had gone to pieces overnight.

But every preparation had been made to hold the Western championships at Parkside, and therefore a meet was held at Parkside, although the perplexed public mostly staid at home—and an athlete was able to earn the coveted emblem of his 'varsity by merely walking a given number of times around the track.

Meanwhile Chicago, Michigan, and Illinois, with five working-hours, had got up a coincident meet of their own, which was held on Marshall Field with much success.

REMNANTS of the W.I.A.A.A. that evening collected and formally expelled those members whose withdrawal had robbed the Association of nearly all save the power of expulsion. At this meeting Maybury, the president of this amateur association, a man of whom his trainer said he never ran for money unless he needed it, was in the chair.

High-sounding resolutions, which anathematized the university seceders in unstinted terms, and hurled the curse of disbarment forever upon their individual athletes and all who in succeeding seasons and generations should be contaminated by competing with them—were put on record. Resolutions that were drawn up and introduced by Cochems—who differed from Maybury in that he ran under an assumed name for money just for the fun of it, and had so completely won the confidence of his faculty they were willing to take his unsupported assurance that he was an amateur, rather than consider most dangerous evidence against him.

It was surprising legislation by more surprising legislators. Those who had done most to bring Western college sport into disrepute sat in judgment upon and condemned as outcasts a lot of youngsters who were unfamiliar with even the kinds of athletic misdemeanors committed by their judges!

Then arose the delegate at large of the Amateur Athletic Union, and solemnly declared that in accordance with certain articles of alliance (which had never been framed) there was no course open to the A.A.U. but to sustain this action—the action of the very body whose possible disqualification of Maybury and Cochems the delegate at large had the day before said would not be sustained by the A.A.U.

And so A.A.U. disqualification of a hundred or more innocent undergraduates, who really did not know what had happened, was accomplished—accomplished by the "remnants," with the air of legislators performing against their will a sad, stern duty!

ON the other hand, it needs to be remarked that the failure of Chicago, Michigan, and Illinois to abide by the decision of a body they had helped create and whose findings they had pledged themselves to honor, and their peremptory withdrawal from the meet, thus swamping the Association financially—were acts without moral justification. The very least which could have been done in equity was to apply the profits of the Marshall Field meet to supplying the deficit of the one at Parkside. The suggestion of this received scant consideration.

When the colleges reopened in the autumn, and Cochems and Maybury had been disowned by Wisconsin, a perception of the absurdity of the situation began to percolate into calmer minds. The imperilled football contract between Wisconsin and Chicago was, after much protesting and bitterness, fulfilled—the A. A. U. considerately reinstating the hundred odd athletes who never knew what had happened—and a peace conference assembled at the Auditorium Hotel.

CHICAGO, Illinois, and Wisconsin were reinstated into W.I.A.A.A., and a committee of reorganization appointed. The report of that committee is not yet in; but in the larger universities there is already manifest a desire to abandon all effort to maintain a parity between such widely dissimilar institutions as comprised the old Association, and to advance into a condition of mutual respect for the local boards of control—which was impossible so long as there existed an extra-university "Graduate Executive Committee" to clear professionals upon technicalities and mismanage meets through sheer inefficiency.

But pursuance of the local board of control theory must not carry the Middle Western colleges entirely away from association for competitive purposes, in track athletics. It is the one branch of college sport in which all the colleges may meet on even terms; it is the one sport where a championship is significant or may be tolerated.

There must be a Western inter-collegiate association. It would be a very great mistake not to revive the W.I.A.A.A.

Just at this time much for the future permanent prosperity of Western college sport depends on the universities working together and hanging together. The individual theory and the local-board-of-control idea appear to be more of specious argument advanced at convenience, and apt to be quite disturbing and harmful if followed too zealously, too heedlessly, as seems to be the inclination in some directions.

By all means get together, and stay together.

WHILE in the West recently I encountered an impression which, though perhaps natural, is nevertheless the result of hasty conclusion, and should be corrected.

There is a feeling, modestly voiced but obviously deep-seated, that the occasional disappearance of Western college athletes Eastward takes from the East the right to offer any suggestions to the West on athletic matters ethical; that the East is a busy, and not always a legitimate, athletic recruiter in the West; that the East, after all, is only somewhat cleverer than the West in covering its tracks.

A letter which comes to me from a Western university man, who thoroughly understands the situation, has something on this subject to say, that is well worth quoting:

> Any candid person—Westerner or not—after visiting the colleges of the two sections, and getting really into touch with undergraduate sentiment, can but conclude that the spirit for honest sport has advanced in the East several degrees beyond that of the West. I say this as a Westerner of the Westerners. I did not believe it until after visiting with undergraduate friends at Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Amherst. I do not know whether the student body at Pennsylvania would impress one for better or for worse in this regard. Yet I do not believe that the fact that Kraenzlein was perhaps too zealously persuaded to leave the West is conclusive evidence of a student spirit less commendable than at the other institutions.

Certainly it is a question of sentiment, not of particular digression, after all, and though at some of our Eastern universities there have been occurrences to twist the heart of the college sportsman, yet this is no evidence that bears any absolute relation to the real undergraduate sentiment which underlies.

WISCONSIN should see this point with particular clearness. She is not yet rid of the sad heritage incident to yielding the reins of her athletic government into the hands of an unhealthful clique, which won her great discredit for a sentiment not her own.

Had the East in very truth advanced no farther than the West in wholesome undergraduate sentiment, it should really be no cause for Western self-congratulation. Has not the East been a struggler in college sport a decade or more of years longer than the West? Is there not every reason to believe that the West has travelled and must continue journeying the same toilsome path for ethics' sake which the East has earlier gone over, and, a bit in advance, is still following?

It is encouraging to believe that the West is not going to consume so much time in the journey as did the East; but to an equal degree, I repeat, it would be discouraging to feel that the Eastern college sportsmen, working much longer, and with motives just as righteous, were not now farther along than Western college men. By just so much as the Westerner continues to be a little more engrossed in the struggle for existence and has a little less leisure than his Eastern brother, just so long will he continue to take his play too seriously, and be a little too much bent on winning, to view his college games as sport for sport's sake.

Sport-for-sport's-sake sentiment, in reality, is only beginning to be apparent in the East, where earnest efforts are making by college sportsmen and some faculties to nourish it, and to end methods of recruiting that may be legitimate enough, but tend to create unpleasant impressions and to exercise a harmful influence on the sport of colleges.

ROLLAND'S defeat of Shaw for the racquet championship of Canada furnished a surprise from which American players are not likely soon to recover. Not that there is such wide difference in the potential games of the two, but Shaw had revealed form so invincible in the National championships, with play so much more brilliant and faster than Rolland exhibited in the same court and tournament, that certainly we had good reason to believe the Bostonian unbeatable this side of Princes Club. I confess the result of the match in Canada alters my opinion in respect of Shaw's capabilities very little.

No excuse is to be offered for the defeat of the National champion at Montreal; Rolland won the match fairly enough, and displayed a high quality of racquets. One would hardly have recognized him for the player who had performed two weeks previously in the courts of the New York club, and been handily beaten in straight sets by Clarence Mackay.

Nevertheless, it will the better help to an understanding of the American's game to say that the Montreal court is sixty-five feet long and thirty-five feet wide, which is four feet longer and three and a half wider than the courts in New York, Boston, and Chicago, and about one foot larger each way than the Philadelphia courts. In a game so fast as racquets, and where, especially, knowledge of the angles means so much, the significance of a change into a court of different dimensions may be appreciated.

SHAW lost the toss, and Rolland started serving, making two aces by service and one by placing, before losing his hand. Shaw was put out with no score, and then Rolland made two. With the score love-five Shaw went in for a characteristic run of six by good all-round play, and had everything his own way until he won out.

The second game was excitingly fought, the rallies prolonged, and the quality of play first class. Rolland played a heady, fast game, keeping Shaw guessing all the time. They kept close together until the score stood set fourteen all, when Rolland made the desired three, two by service and one by Shaw missing a return that seemed very easy.

It now became apparent that Canada would retain the championship. Shaw was obviously beaten; he was tired through and through, and Rolland, quite fresh, comparatively, opened the third game with a run of eleven aces before being retired. The Bostonian could do very little, and Rolland won easily. Again in the last game Rolland started with a rush, and would not be denied. Shaw appeared utterly helpless, but made a better showing than in the third game, though there was no hope of his overtaking Rolland, who kept a commanding lead, and changed his game in masterly fashion. He gave a variety of services, which puzzled Shaw quite a lot, while his placing was of a high order.

No doubt Shaw was somewhat off his game, and the poor light seemed to bother him more than it did Rolland; but, too, it is fair to Rolland to say that the only other time he met Shaw (in '98) was in Shaw's home court, and the Canadian won three games to two. Since '98 Shaw's game has greatly improved, though his play at Montreal did not show it. In a neutral court, and both at top form, Shaw would probably win three games out of five.

The best game Shaw showed in Montreal was against Miller, who appeared to be quite four aces better in the home court than he was in New York.

PATON made a praiseworthy uphill fight of his game with Rolland. The Canadian started in with his usual rush, playing very strong racquets; but the American knows the Montreal court better than any of his compatriots, and was not to be so easily shaken off. The second game furnished the surprise of the week, when Paton, who was love-nine, went to serve and made a fine run of ten aces by skilful service and all-round placing. Rolland then went in to serve, and was put out by a hot return, whereupon Paton finished the game without losing his hand. A run of fifteen aces and a love game to his credit in two hands! Paton continued to show a strong game, but Rolland's victory was assured, though he worked for every ace he made.

With La Montagne, Rolland had a somewhat easier time, though the second game was closely and interestingly contested; the former appeared to have a return of his old-time strokes, his forehand being accurate, and his half-volleys well timed and placed. There was an exciting struggle for the deciding ace of the second game, each being put out time and again with the score at four all game ball. A splendid return gave it to Rolland, and the rest was easy going for him.

The La Montagne-Gilmour contest was a match of veterans, with few mistakes and some brilliant play. Gilmour, being at home, performed with courage and good judgment. He knew the back wall like a book, as his fine placing attested. But the speed of La Montagne gradually wore the other down, and the visitor won rather easily in the end.

Applegarth, although no match for Shaw, has possibilities. He has a strong forehand stroke, and at times places with good judgment. He is weak on service, but a great getter, and with coaching will be heard from later.

UNLESS the President and the Executive Committee of the League of American Wheelmen are wholly absorbed in L.A.W. politics, the significance conveyed by the steady decline in L. A. W. membership may perhaps reach them. These lessening membership straws show unmistakably whither the L. A. W. wind is blowing. If it does not now bestir the officials, later, when more force has been generated, it will develop into a hurricane and sweep them before it in consternation.

No doubt it is the pleasure and sometime profit of the L. A. W. body-politic to heed the commercial voice calling in the wilderness of manufacturers, dealers, and race-promoters. Up to within a couple of years, it seemed a guide to prosperity, but present happenings indicate that the great body of wheelmen throughout the land has finally grown weary of politics, and seeks officials more in sympathy with the amateur and less concerned for the tradesman and the professional racer.

The membership of the L. A. W., as reported by the secretary last week, is 73,141—that is, nearly 30,000 less than it was just one year ago! In the four weeks since the National Assembly decided, at Providence, to retain control of professional racing, the L. A. W. has lost 1904 more old members than it has gained new ones. During the past week alone four hundred and fifty-one have declined to longer support a league so engrossed in politics and professional racing.

THE L. A. W. is a big, powerful body, and some of the politicians appear to look upon it as a "good thing." Creation of salaried offices, obvious disregard of the general sentiment against dabbling in professional racing, legislative pettifoggery—these are some of the things that explain the disgust of sportsmen and the shrinking of the L. A. W's. membership.

Politics are corrupting official L. A. W. circles; the L. A. W. is too large for the men appointed to office; apparently the magnificent opportunities offered by this army of 73,000 men united for wholesome sport and good roads—are too vast for the conception of its leaders.

They cannot appreciate the splendid future for such a body healthfully, intelligently directed—so they turn their attention to fighting for offices, and to distributing the patronage of their position with an eye single to reciprocal favors.

It is a short-sighted, suicidal policy, and it will be a short-lived junketing for those who in office are looking to selfish interests rather than to the interests of the league they were elected to serve.

Their finish is not difficult to see.

When the sportsmen of the L. A. W. assert themselves at the polls, we shall make an end of the politicians, abandon professional racing, and march onward in prosperity and health for good roads and amateur racing.

HOCKEY season closed with a so-called international match between the Victoria team of Montreal and an "all New York" team contributed by the Amateur Hockey League of America; but, as all the New York players save one are Canadians—the "international" feature was one of rink advertisement rather than actuality. As an exhibition, however, of expert play, and incompetent, not to say prejudiced, refereeing, the contest has not been equalled in the United States.

At the end of the first period of twenty minutes neither side had scored; at the end of the second, and usually final, period of twenty minutes, the score was a tie with four goals each. It was then agreed to play without rest to a finish, and thirty-two minutes elapsed before Davidson shot the goal which gave a well-earned triumph to the Victoria team. Until the last fifteen minutes, when the men were all very tired, the play was fast, and, as habitual in New York hockey, unnecessarily rough.

The decisions of the referee were so obviously in favor of the home team that the visitors, who kept on playing without protest against the injustice, were applauded to the echo when they finally won.

There was little to choose between the two teams; perhaps the New York Canadians showed a trifle more individual brilliancy, but the team-work of the Canadians from Montreal was the better. They more clearly demonstrated this quality of their play against the champions of the Hockey League, Brooklyn, whom they defeated easily, five goals to two. B. Phillips bore the twice-told distinction of being the only American on the "All New York" team, and of having made two of the four goals scored by his side.

SPORTSMEN are relieved to learn that the trip East erstwhile proposed for an "all California college eleven" has ceased to be agitated, and in point of fact was never seriously entertained by Pacific coast university men. The idea appears to have originated with some San Francisco athletic-club men, and, for a time, to have been pursued hot haste by one or more of them. But the question never reached the official ear of the universities, and received only desultory discussion on the campus.

It is not necessary to add that the sportsmen of the Pacific coast are quite alive to the evils of touring teams; and sportsmen are considerably in the majority at Stanford and California universities.

AMERICA will shortly lose one of its most famous and oldest of race-tracks in the dismantling of the historic Kentucky Association track at Lexington.

The track was incorporated in 1826, and among its original subscribers were many names dear to the horse-racing world and distinguished in Kentucky history. There were, among others, Elisha Warfield, breeder of Lexington, Robert J. Breckinridge, E. M. Blackburn, John Bruce, Robert Wickliffe, Theodore W. Clay, and Dr. Benjamin W. Dudley.

On this course the great Lexington won much of his glory. It seems a pity a track of such associations cannot be preserved.

Caspar Whitney.

SINGLES RACQUET CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA, DECIDED IN MONTREAL RACQUET CLUB, MARCH 7-11, 1899.

Q. A. Shaw, Jr., Boston.	Bye.	Shaw, 15-12, 15-12, 18-17.	Shaw, 15-3, 15-4, 18-13.	Rolland, 10-15, 17-14, 15-4, 15-7.
W. R. Miller, Montreal.	Bye.			
Applegarth, Montreal.	Bye.	Applegarth, 17-15, 15-5, 15-7.		
C. H. Mackay, New York; A. D. McTier, Montreal.	McTier, by default.			
M. S Paton, New York; F. F. Rolland, Montreal.	Rolland, 15-9, 9-15, 15-9, 15-8	Bye.	Rolland, 15-3, 18-17, 15-6.	
E. La Montagne, New York; D. Gilmour, Montreal.	La Montagne, 13-15, 15-10, 18-15, 15-10.	Bye.		

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